SUMMER 2022

Thank you for supporting *The White People's Quarterly*—a non-political and family friendly literary and culture magazine published by The White People's Press. We believe that White people have the right to maintain and assert a positive shared identity, and provide a platform for writers and artists who feel the same. Our primary intent is to raise awareness of white interests and discuss in a mature and productive manner the issues most important to our collective well-being.

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HOSTED BY:

Jeff Winston & Hiraeth

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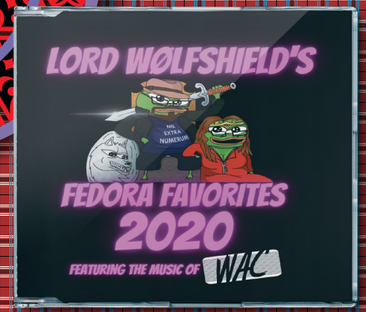

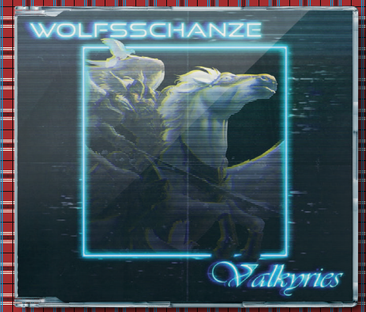

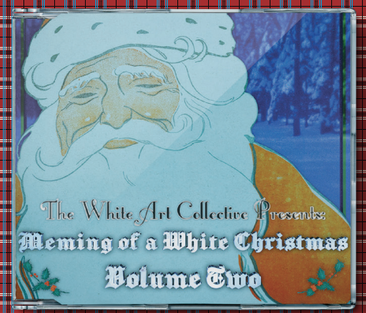

The Noble Ones
Oil on board, 11”×14”
Herrmann Radwulf
2021

herrmannradwulf

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The White People's Quarterly (ISSN 2643-6078 (print), ISSN 2643-6086 (online), ISBN 9781953373212 (print), Volume 2, Number 1). Published four times per year (Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter) by TWPP, LLC Austin and Albuquerque

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The KosChertified?® App merges "Kosher Awareness" with your normal shopping routine. Few popular food products are NOT Kosher Certified (NKC). Why is that? Isn't it long overdue to get K-Wise?

Consumers who do not follow strict religious dietary laws can exercise their dietary free will® by choosing non- certified products. Those familiar with kosher-certification seals know that it can be a chore to locate them on a product, and for this reason, the vast majority of the population knows little about the nature and scale of kosher certification. The KosChertified® App offers a "check" on products to avoid.

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For those seeking products that are NOT Kosher Certified, NKC has evolved from a diet into a lifeśtyle and identity. The NKC community is growing daily, and could be exactly what you are looking for! A downloadable version of the KosChertified® App is available for Android in the Google Play Store.

Like vegans who shun the consumption of meat products due to their love for animals, and observant kosher-keepers shun the consumption of pork and shellfish to reinforce their Jewish identity, the NKC die reinforces not their new identity, but their true identity: Occidental au Naturel.

For them, we say—"Welcome Home!"

NOT ANTI-KOSHER

So much of what we eat and drink is considered kosher under Kashrus religious laws (e.g., water); however, our surveys indicate that close to 30% of consumers prefer no religious oversight or meddling in the production of the food they purchase. Furthermore, 23% expect above-average transparency when it comes to kosher seals. Kosher-keepers should have access to a kosher market of products, but those who

NKC offers a refreshing new take and a fair alternative for hundreds of millions of consumers, enabling them to "Exercise their Dietary Free Will!"®

For many in the United States, Europe, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada, the NKC diet may be the catalyst to discovering the Occidental au Naturel identity residing within them!

The KosChertified?® App merges "Kosher Awareness" with your normal shopping routine. Few popular food products are NOT Kosher Certified (NKC). Why is that? Isn't it long overdue to get K-Wise?

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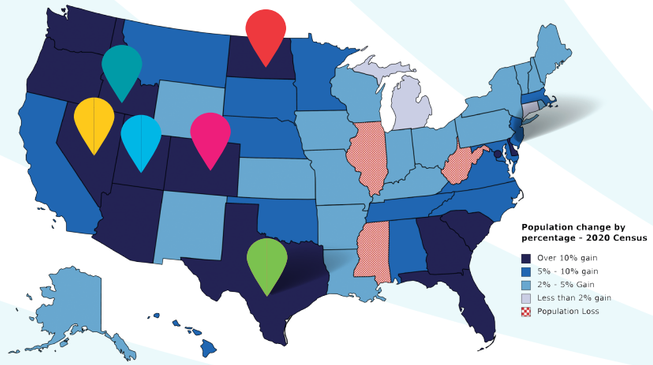
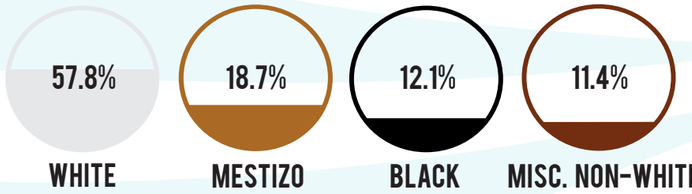
THE 2020 U.S. CENSUS: LOOKING BACK AND AHEAD



STATES WITH THE GREATEST PERCENTAGE OF CHANGE

18.37%	UTAH
17.32%	IDAHO
15.91%	TEXAS
15.83%	NORTH DAKOTA
14.96%	NEVADA
14.80%	COLORADO



THE BASIC FACTS

TOTAL POPULATION	331,449,281
PERCENTAGE CHANGE	+7.4% (+22,703,743)
WHITE DECLINE (2010–2020)	63.7% – 57.8% (–4,000,000)
MIXED RACE (2010–2020)	+276% (9,000,000–33,800,000)
POPULATION OVER 18	+10.1% (258,300,000)
POPULATION UNDER 18	–1.4% (73,100,000)

MAJORITY NON-WHITE STATES

CALIFORNIA	34.7%
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	38%
HAWAII	21.6%
MARYLAND	47.2%
NEVADA	45.9%
NEW MEXICO	36.5%
TEXAS	39.7%

STATES UNDER 60% WHITE

ALASKA	57.5%
ARIZONA	53.4%
DELAWARE	58.6%
FLORIDA	51.5%
GEORGIA	50.1%
ILLINOIS	58.3%
LOUISIANA	55.8%
MISSISSIPPI	55.4%
NEW JERSEY	51.9%
NEW YORK	52.5%
VIRGINIA	58.6%

EDITOR'S LETTER

ISSUE N° 5

One can now get here by taking any number of paths, and while increased racial conscious likely does lead to greater politicization generally, I have long questioned the premise. The day I stopped paying attention to the news was the same day I became positively conscious of myself as a White person, and over the past seven years few things have consumed less of my time than current events—this coming from someone who had a subscription to *The Economist* for years, regularly tuned in to *Washington Journal* on C-SPAN, and has an undergraduate degree in international relations. It doesn't upset me, it simply seems insignificant on the whole.

Covid is comparatively significant even if it's not, and I'll be the last to argue either way, but I learned something rather interesting from it. It impacted everyone in some way, but in doing so it also exposed them to uncertainties they would have normally never had to confront. A close friend who did everything right—went to good schools, got an MBA and an MS in finance, worked long hours for the same company for a decade, leveled up to a Series 7 in his spare time, and maintained a professional appearance and close business contacts—was laid off right as Covid hit (immediately after he and his wife had their first child, no less). He is sociable, likable, qualified, and experienced, but after six months he had still yet to find a new job. After nine months and closing in on a year of passing through the Nine Circles of HR Department Hell only to lose out time and again, he was legitimately concerned about his future and the welfare of his family. Equally startling was how old friends and former colleagues stopped returning his calls now that he was in need.

I told him what I recognized years ago: you are waiting in line and attempting to board a ship with a policy that mandates that you are chosen last, and that is destined for a place where it is assumed you won't exist. You may get lucky and scalp a ticket, snag a comfortable seat in the first-class cabin, and ease back and relax. But, if it happens again, regaining stability will be even more difficult, and the challenges you face will be tenfold for your son. He was able to get back on the ship and has settled in once more, and though it was but a glimpse, in it he saw that however hard he may try to get ahead, there are forces working harder to hold him back, and presumed allies are self-interested strivers in a cut-throat world and just as indifferent.

We have to look out for ourselves to be sure, but if our primary motivation is self-interest, we are competing against each other for seats on a ship that is trying to kick us off, and we are unable to form a cohesive identity based on our collective interests, we will drown alone. The prospect of Whites acting collectively elicits mortal terror in both ourselves and our enemy so to render it the most long term and taxing of pursuits, but it is the *sine qua non* of overcoming the demographic displacement now fully baked in. It is incumbent upon us to counter anti-white propaganda, seek political inroads and alternatives, and undermine institutionalized antipathy toward us, but these are small battles in a long war that will be won only if White people can shed the negative identity that has been imposed on us, adopt a positive one in turn, and cease to be afraid to assert it.

While we may be better off on the ship for now, we better start building one or two on the side, as well. The White People's Press passed its third anniversary recently, and the aforementioned friend thought I had lost my mind when he caught wind of it back then. I do it because I can and am thus obligated to, but he and quite a few others who, out of the blue, found themselves stranded on an island, took a second look at me building boats and suddenly I looked like the only one who was prepared.

We have received enormous support of late, and have been able to accomplish great things because of it. If you are reading this, you are to thank for that, and we are proud to bring you another wonderful issue of *The White People's Quarterly*.

Tony Vermont
Editor in Chief

On the Albatross

By Earnest Goodman

In the spring 2021 issue of *The White People's Quarterly*, Editor in Chief Tony Vermont explains the significance of the albatross in the logo as "a metaphor for a psychological burden," namely, "our collective identity, which maintains a psychological grip over us as we are unable to identify positively with it." We wander, "expressing our guilt over it to others" and "seeking salvation and forgiveness from strangers," but the true destiny of the albatross is as "a great white bird of fortune that soars [through] the open air, which is what we too should be."

The Spanish conservation biologist and biodiversity expert Carles Carboneras described the albatross as "the most legendary of all birds," and it is indeed a magnificent creature with characteristics that should resonate with us. The word "albatross" itself was influenced by Latin *albus*, meaning "white." The family *Diomedeidae* was named after Diomedes, an outstanding Greek mythological hero of the Trojan War whose noble companions turned into birds upon his death. Unlike animals that mate indiscriminately and devote little care to their offspring, the mating habits of the albatross reflect a very slow life history strategy. Especially by avian standards, the albatross develops slowly, delays breeding, and invests substantial effort into raising few offspring. It reaches sexual maturity after about five to eight years but then waits up to ten more years before beginning to breed, practicing elaborate courtship rituals and dances in the interim. Although it may dance with many partners while young, it will eventually choose a single partner with which to breed, forming a lifelong pair bond with its own unique courtship ritual. The female typically lays a single egg per breeding season, and the parents take turns incubating it for approximately seventy to eighty days, longer than any other bird. Hybridization, genetic mixing between species or subspecies, is very rare. The longevity for all species is at least thirty years, though most exceed fifty years and some can reach seventy years, an amazing age for a bird. The Agreement on the Conservation of Albatrosses and Petrels was signed on June 19, 2001. In 2020, the nineteenth anniversary of this date marked the first celebration of World Albatross Day, and the global theme that year was "Controlling Invasive Island Species," as the graceful birds are threatened by the introduction of foreign species of feral cats and rats that attack eggs, chicks, and nesting adults.

[Original French by Charles Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du mal*, 1861]

Souvent, pour s'amuser, les hommes d'équipage
Prennent des albatros, vastes oiseaux des mers,
Qui suivent, indolents compagnons de voyage,
Le navire glissant sur les gouffres amers.

À peine les ont-ils déposés sur les planches,
Que ces rois de l'azur, maladroits et honteux,
Laissent piteusement leurs grandes ailes blanches
Comme des avirons traîner à côté d'eux.

Ce voyageur ailé, comme il est gauche et veule !
Lui, naguère si beau, qu'il est comique et laid !
L'un agace son bec avec un brûle-gueule,
L'autre mime, en boitant, l'infirme qui volait !

Le Poète est semblable au prince des nuées
Qui hante la tempête et se rit de l'archer ;
Exilé sur le sol au milieu des huées,
Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.

Charles Baudelaire captured the contrast between the bird's splendor and the mockery it suffers at the hands of others in the poem "L'Albatros," in which he compared the Poet with the titular bird, capable of circumnavigating the globe and soaring indefinitely yet taunted and scorned upon reaching the baseness of the earth below. Today, we are all Baudelaire's Poet, grounded by our collective guilt and derided by those who hate us, but we need only throw off the albatross around our neck to reach new heights, touch the skies, and reclaim the majesty of the great white bird of fortune in full glory. □

Contributors to White Wellbeing

Alma Lahar
Andrew Torba
Art Acrobats
Baldur
Bryson Alexander
BioSpirit of the West
First Lady of the American Theater
First Last
Fit & Healthy at Any Age
Franklin Peanut
Fraulein Dresden & her Mother
Halindir
I Love Jesus Christ
Intellectual Embargo
Iraq Syndrome
Joseph
Kara Bassett
Lycomedes
Mantis
Marie Curie
Masumi Rabbit
Mister V
Nathaniel Nelson
Nordic Iron
Patrick
Promethean Healing
Randy
Ron
Rory Herbert
Simon JJ
Sound Killer
Tamara
Vulture Man

Sponsored by Jason Köhne and Jillie Storm

Meet Olivia Key

Musician, Songwriter, Singer, Composer, Producer

Interview by The White People's Press

Olivia Key's smooth and sultry voice, compelling composition style, emotionally charged lyrics, and stellar production techniques combine to create a perfect storm of powerful musical excellence. One can't help but sing along to her songs without thinking. Her melodies grab you, but her lyrics and the musical landscape keep you.

We caught up with Miss Key recently to learn more about what makes her such an amazing musician.

Art from Olivia Key's album *Heroes*.

When did you start making music?

I started making music at a young age, but I've been singing my whole life. I remember being five and glued to a Yamaha electric keyboard in the playroom. Perhaps that was a sign of things to come!

What inspires you to make music?

It is an inspiration as much as it is a compulsion. I can't *not* make music. So many things compel me to create. The chaos of politics, the love I have for my race, the cyclical beauty of nature, and the raw emotions that come with surviving and making sense of an ever-changing world while harboring a gut-wrenching nostalgia for the traditions of the past. I love telling stories, and if I can use my art to express a certain feeling or thought, and other people listen and feel a sense of community in knowing that someone outside themselves feels the same, I have accomplished something very important. In making music, I feel a cathartic sense of release.

Can you tell us a little bit about your process?

My process is quite sporadic. Sometimes it's a feeling that I'll manage to put into a sentence, and that sentence will carry the brunt of the work while I build a world around it.

> [T]o me, the core essence is some kind of divine fire that I'm able to somewhat alchemize into the physical. During the composing and mixing processes, I become obsessed with the song until its completion. Once it's out of my hands and into the world, I can take a breather before I'm onto the next song.

Other times, I'll be fiddling on the piano and come across a melody or chord progression that feels right. Sometimes I'll get some ideas before I go to bed, so I'll record a short vocal of a melody into my phone or write some words down in my notes app. When a song is "really good," I get chills as I'm composing it. I feel that my process has a lot to do with channeling something that is entirely beyond me, coming through me. Sure, it's colored with my own spirit because it comes through my lens of perception, my vocals, and the way I compose it. But to me, the core essence is some kind of divine fire that I'm able to somewhat alchemize into the physical. During the composing and mixing processes, I become obsessed with the song until its completion. Then, once it's out of my hands and into the world, I can take a breather before I'm onto the next song.

"Heroes"

(lyrics)

Do you remember the day you almost gave in?
Almost disappeared?
Nearly left a wound that none of us could heal
I count my stars, it's a miracle you're here
And in spite of it all, you're not afraid to feel

These are the stories I will tell my children
All of the sacrifice in service to them
Nothing comes in easy in securing a victory
But it's worth it
These are the stories I will tell my children

Here's to the heroes
May we lift up and carry our heads high
May we act as a beacon
Offer protection
Bringing ugly truths to light
May we be better
May we be worthy of our blood and choose to fight
These are the stories I will tell my children

Do you remember?
The day you promised you would do all you can?
Facing an evil you might not live to see its end?
Feeling the weight of the world and still here you stand
Staring into the heart of the dark
with the will to destroy every power
that keeps you away from your right to keep your people alive

These are the stories I will tell my children
All of the sacrifice in service to them
Nothing comes easy in securing a victory
But it will never not be worth it
These are the stories I will tell my children
These are the stories I will tell my children's children
All of the sacrifice in service to them
Nothing comes easy in securing a victory
But it will never not be worth it
These are the stories I will tell my children's children
These are the stories I will tell my children's children
All of the sacrifice in service to them (Nothing comes easy)
Nothing comes easy in securing a victory
But it will never not be worth it

These are the stories I will tell my children's children

Is this a solo project? Do you have a band, writers, composers, or producers with whom you work?

The album *Cloud 14* is a solo project. I invited ForNull, a musician in our community, to contribute as a guitarist on my song "As A Leaf," but everything else on the album is my doing (lyrics, composition, vocals, instrumentation, mixing, production, etc.). This is another reason why it takes me extra time to release new songs. There are a lot of elements to synchronize in one mind.

What are you goals for your music?

My goals for my music are essentially to continue making it. It's extremely encouraging to get feedback from my subscribers or anyone who stumbles upon my channels and likes what they hear. I make music for myself, as my way to process and filter everything going on in our world, but the impact my songs have on others is not lost on me. In fact, it's incredibly validating as an artist. We're all in this struggle together.

What are your hopes for the future?

My hope for the future is that our music scene (and White art scene in general) continues to grow, expand, and prosper. I hope that more people feel the courage and conviction to put themselves out there (if they can do so in a way that doesn't immediately compromise them, as I realize it is essential for some people to remain anonymous). We are a culture of many gifts and talents, and we are all needed. I believe things will get worse before they get better, but instead of being subsumed by grief of that, I choose to be liberated by it. To quote some lyrics from my song "World So Cold"—

My only limit is time;
my only concern is for mine.

It really is that simple. Everything else is just noise. And as for my future goals, personally I'm really looking forward to getting married, becoming a mother, and homesteading. Although I'm making albums now, in a couple of years I'll be writing lullabies for my babies.

That's the dream. . . . □

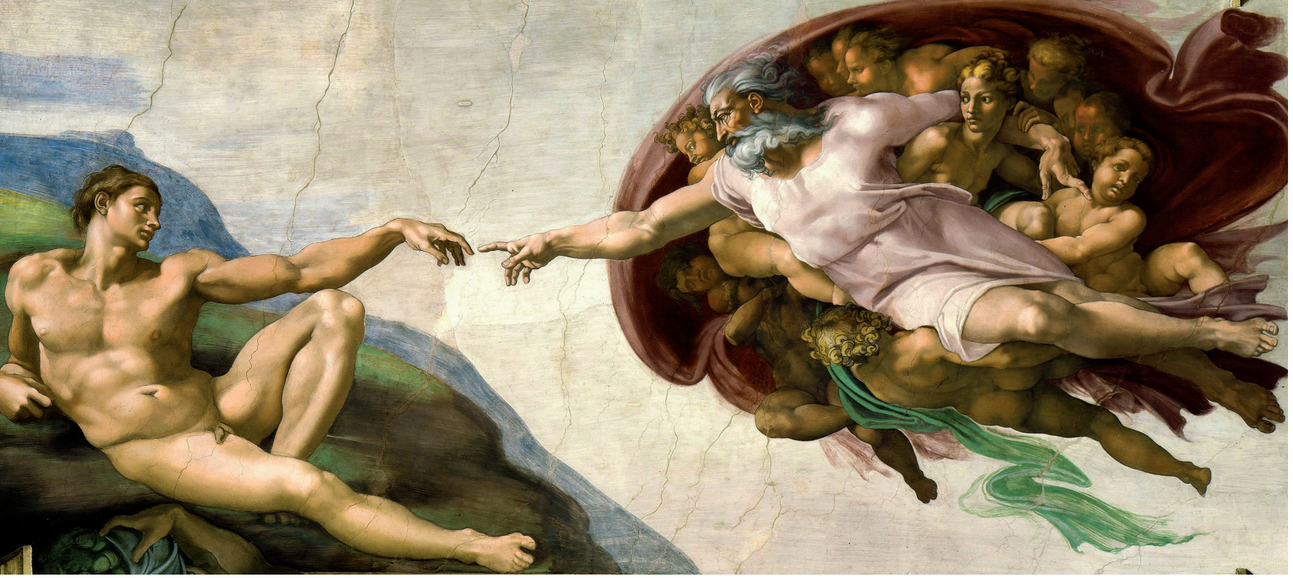
The Necessity of White Spirituality

By Charlie Chisholm

If there is to be a future for White people, we must rediscover and embrace the spirituality we have lost with the decline of Christianity and the discontinuation of auxiliary but equally important traditional pagan beliefs. Spirituality is a powerful weapon that has historically provided inspiration and confidence to our people, but we have been gradually disarmed of it over the course of generations, voluntarily or not, and it shows. Today, we are unmistakably dispirited, depressed, and demoralized.

When the White race was dominant throughout the planet, we made Christianity the dominant religion. We cut ties with our pagan past and looked down on "superstition," but in time we convinced ourselves that we had outgrown Christianity, as well, and now we believe in nothing. As we become minorities in our own countries and are increasingly dehumanized by our enemies, instead of shutting out spirituality altogether, we should work to regain and maintain any potentially useful form of it we can—including Christianity, should it ever revive itself—for the purpose of making ourselves stronger and more united.

In appearance, young White people are primarily atheistic, or perhaps vaguely or sentimentally Christian at best. This is due to familial links to churches being broken, as more and more families have themselves been broken by divorce, drug abuse, and perversion, and traditional White communities have been broken by influxes of diversity. If pressed, many will justify their alienation from Christianity through personal grievances with particular aspects of church doctrine, or cite media-generated tropes about Christianity, rather than acknowledge that greater forces may be responsible. Their relationship with Christianity is a personal matter, and on the whole they are unaware that they have been swept



The Creation of Adam
Michelangelo di Lodovico Buonarroti Simoni
1511

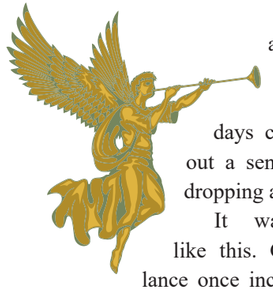
up in an organized campaign to collectively disenfranchise White people and separate us from religious advocacy.

More sadly still, it is common for such individuals to feel utter contempt for the few Whites who continue to insist on having an attachment to any belief that consolidated White spirituality in the past and could possibly do so again, regarding them as uneducated and low class. Isolated individualism, bereft of spiritual comforts and collective principles, is unquestionably accepted as the only logical belief system of the educated and intellectual modern White person. Notably, few if any of our enemies are atheists, but the reality is that avowed atheists on the so-called left are actually dogmatic True Believers of a contemporary religion.

What they believe in is materialism and what they are told is "Science," and they are faithful followers of the globalist ideals handed down to them by globalist regimes and institutions. They worship gods that are openly satanic and monstrous, requiring human sacrifice through abortion and self-mutilation in the form of gender-reassignment surgery. Non-white rival groups simply and openly identify with their traditional religions, personal beliefs aside, and do not hesitate to use them, and every related fairy tale, to back up their endless and shameless demands on Whites.

> Atheists are materialists, and atheism also happens to be the credo of our materialistic communist and capitalist elites who see us as simply "workers" or "consumers. . . ."

Atheism does not benefit us; atheists are materialists, and atheism is the credo of our present elites, who view us purely as "workers" and "consumers." And while they may not say it out loud, they clearly also consider us lowly animals whose interests should revolve around carnal desires like sex, with the way it is dangled in front of us everywhere and injected into everything imaginable. The a-spiritual atheism that passes as our official philosophy is ironically manifest in the recent trend of "woke" writers describing human beings as "bodies." We are not merely *bodies of flesh*, though, but *souls*, the form in which we are united with God and our ancestors. That is what our ancestors universally believed, and it is in turn what we should believe. If references to "souls" make you uncomfortable, that is because spiritual language has been driven out of our vocabulary and replaced with fake sexual terms such as "trans" and "LBGQ"



and profanity. How many people these days can barely get out a sentence without dropping an F-bomb?

It wasn't always like this. Common parlance once included phrases like "save our souls," "bless your soul," "poor soul," and "not a soul." Another word for "soul" is "spirit," and another word for "spirit" is "ghost." White people used to frequently encounter and speak with ghosts, as referenced time and again in Shakespeare. Ghosts evoke, and are evidence of, the soul and the afterlife, so it is of no surprise that our modern, atheistic society mocks them. As Christianity becomes ever-more irrelevant in the lives of White people—a product of its leaders' failure to speak out strongly against drugs, pornography, homosexuality, miscegenation, transgenderism, and anti-Christian propaganda—the need to develop a stronger connection to the eternal becomes greater in kind. This connection is not dependent on churches, priests, or ministers, and is what I hope to inspire here.

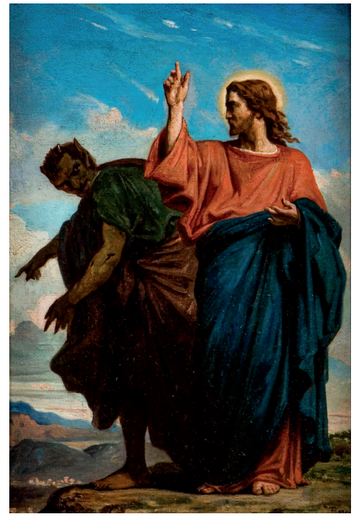
If one can develop an open-minded attitude toward things like ghosts, they are more likely to develop a stronger connection to the spiritual world. And being able to talk about it in the first place is fundamental to that development, not dissimilar to how teachers talking about anal and oral sex to six-year-olds make them more likely to engage in those acts. Our ancestors are bound to more reliable sources than government-paid scientists and political puppets who hate us, and it is upon us to reach out to them and be receptive to answers. Non-whites routinely talk to ghosts and no one dares criticize them for it or call them insane, yet whites are inherently expected to be more rational. But if rationality has led to the current predicament, being a little more *irrational* will serve us no worse. Would you rather live in a society that believes in ghosts, or one that believes in transgenderism? If the former is true, why not revive the belief in ghosts, destigmatize it, and popularize it the way media normalized "trans people"?

> [I]*f rationality has led to the current predicament, being a little more irrational will serve us no worse.*

Another spiritual concept with which we have lost our connection and would be worthwhile to re-familiarize ourselves with, are the non-human spirits often mistakenly referred to as "evil" spirits. These mysterious beings were down-to-earth versions of and inspirations for the pagan gods of myth. Christianized Greeks called the old gods "daemons," from which comes the English "demon," also known as a devil. From the Christian perspective, the pagan gods were evil, but they are better understood as amoral and fairy-like, with both good ones and bad ones. These "fairies" or "spirits" typically live in the wilderness, so they are given minimal thought and are rarely encountered in our hyper-urban society. Though similar to gods, they are portrayed in art as humans, or human-esque, or even beautiful, but descriptions are symbolic, and they are still non-human and monstrous.

Hunting and struggling with monsters was a time-honored and important but now forgotten Indo-European tradition, linked to Christianity from former pagan faiths. Jesus himself, it appears, had no intention of establishing a formal religion, judging from certain anti-social and impractical statements, such as: "Whoever does not hate his father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, even life itself, cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14: 26), and "Sell your possessions and give to the poor . . . then come, follow me" (Matthew 19: 21). His goal seems to have been to become a half-naked desert monk or wise man, in the likeness of John the Baptist, and encountering demons. When we read of Jesus traveling into the desert ("wilderness" would probably be a better translation) to meet with the devil, we should see him as a hero on a monster hunt in the Indo-European pagan tradition. In modern times, this episode in Jesus' life is typically interpreted as a form of psychological struggle Jesus was having, which is incorrect and takes one of

The Temptation of Christ by the Devil
Félix Joseph Barrias
1860



Jesus Among the Doctors at the Temple
Paolo Veronese
c. 1560

the most exciting incidents in Jesus' life and makes it boring. Instead of a man of action, Jesus is made into a neurotic. Jesus' encounter with the devil is more aptly a parallel to Odysseus' confrontation with the cyclops, Polyphemus, or Oedipus' meeting with the Sphinx. (The fact that the stories are not framed exactly the same are on account of the storytellers' various agendas or intentions.) These stories are about heroes fearlessly facing down and getting the better of monsters, but on a deeper level, they are stories of *logos*, or intelligence triumphing over brute strength. Such struggles should inspire Whites currently fighting monstrous anti-white forces. This tradition is prominent in Christianity, with desert monks like St. Anthony, journeying into the desert to test themselves and their faith against demons, putting to bed the lie that Christianity was an unheroic and foreign faith unrelated to the beliefs of our ancestors.

Of course, the idea of Jesus as a masculine man of daring, along with the practice of Christianity being an exciting outdoor experience, is completely foreign to the modern, corrupt, and feminized version of Christianity. But there is no reason for the young Christian men of today not looking for dragons to slay like the knights of yesteryear (mindful that one should not expect them to resemble the dragons of lore). What is stopping them is the atheistic programming pumped into their brains by the education system and the media about "science," in combination with their being out of touch overall with the mystery and danger of nature. The loss of belief in monsters or demons is another symptom of our spiritual poverty, as compared to confident Christian generations of the past that had a great capacity for belief in general. The majority of White people are so cowed that they no longer believe in anything, not even themselves, and are so deluded that they believe non-belief is a sign of intelligence—an intelligence that will surely comfort us in our final days.

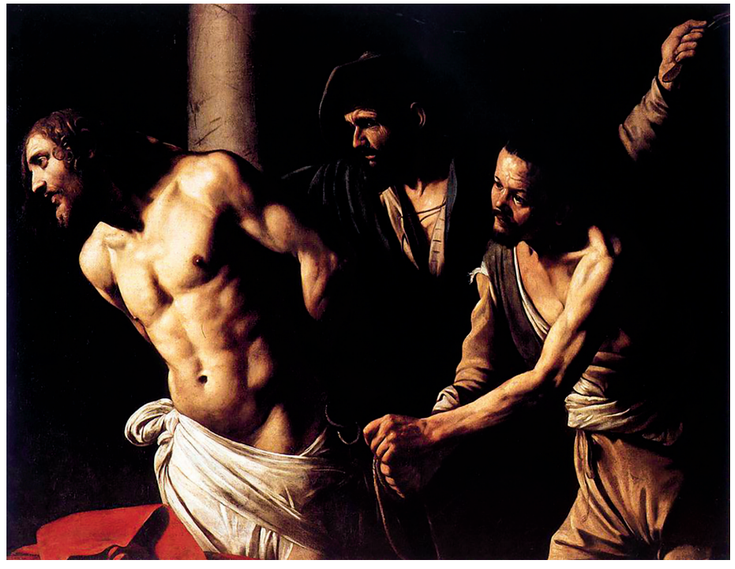
To illustrate how one might encounter a spirit in modern form, I can relate a personal experience with a "dragon" or "fairy," or whatever one may wish to call it. At the beginning of the COVID lock down in Canada, I needed some exercise and took a walk through an unfamiliar wooded area. Going off the beaten path was in part an attempt to avoid the police, who were said to be fining people for taking walks in parks. I saw no one else while I was out, and after a while I began to wonder where I was and how to get out. Just then, I saw someone in the distance wearing a white hoodie, walking briskly toward me on the same path. It was a hot day, and I wondered why his hood was pulled up, but assumed it was to protect against the sun and thought no more of it. He was approaching quickly, and I was considering what I would say to him, when I lost sight of him for a moment while descending a hill. When I reached the top, there was no sign of him anywhere. I was stunned, but remembered various bits of folklore I had read about people with hoods and fairies that disappeared when you took your eyes off of them momentarily. Deciding then that I should find a way out of the woods as fast as possible, I headed off in what I hoped was the right direction.

Perhaps there is a rational explanation for why he suddenly disappeared, or perhaps I was on the verge of having my own run-in with Polyphemus, the Sphinx, or the Devil, who might enlighten me on some matter, but would more likely destroy or abduct me. Whichever the case, we must teach ourselves how to seek out and handle such situations, and have a collective understanding of these beings. One day the heroes among us might relearn the methods of finding and talking to these beings like Jesus or Odysseus.

Druids and wizards were once said to have special relationships with these creatures and treated them as oracles, and it would be wonderful if Whites could consult such beings today, as one can imagine a later-day Odin or Zeus' opinion on current events being useful. Whether it was a fairy or a dragon I crossed paths with, or simply a man in a hoodie, what I know is that if I relayed that experience to White people at work I would be sneered at, and if a North American Indian told the same story there would be a hushed and respectful silence as the same people listened in awe to his interpretation of the event. Why can't a White man have an

The majority of White people are so cowed that they no longer believe in anything, not even themselves, and are so deluded that they believe non-belief is a sign of intelligence.

Flagellation of Christ
Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio
c. 1607



The Druids Cutting Down the Mistletoe
Jacob Thompson
1832

explanation of the unexplainable? Believing in nothing is bland, and believing in globalist materialism makes one feel like an unwilling member of a suicide cult, and that is a lonely feeling no one deserves.

Christianity is of great value to the White race, and the intensity of our enemies' hatred toward it is ample proof, but there is much more to White spirituality and morality than Christianity. I would far prefer to live among my pagan ancestors than in a non-white Christian society, since I have more in common with them, spiritually and morally, and we share a common sense of "humanity." But our brief time in a White non-Christian society did not turn out well. If there was a prehistoric and pre-Christian version of myself, and I doubt he would have been more foolish or evil. He would have likely had the same quirks and ticks, and though his vocabulary with regard to spiritual matters would have been different, I am positive that it would be natural to the reality and conditions of the time. There may well have been more virtuous White people in the pre-Christian past, as well, but not out of any fault of Christianity, but simply because of less non-white influence and sabotage of the belief system then in place. It is more than Christianity that makes a Christian *Christian*. Whatever one's objection to Christianity—about the veracity of Christ's life story, or the fact that he was a Jew—Christ is not the most important thing about Christianity. White people could have substituted the story of Odysseus or Oedipus instead to mould a religion around and shape the noble and decent beliefs already present in European peoples.

While we could once afford to exclude members of our race for petty differences in belief, we no longer can, so all of our gods should be welcome under the roof of one White church.

Christianity was a vehicle for long-established feelings and beliefs to manifest themselves—a predisposition unique to and characteristic of our race. The most important and motivating aspect of Christianity to me is the people that believe in it. It is the latest stage of our long spiritual journey, and my hope is that in the future we will identify first and foremost as White, with Christianity being part of that identity, and not our primary identity. While we could once afford to exclude members of our race for petty differences in belief, we no longer can, so all of our gods should be welcome under the roof of one White church. *What* we ultimately come to believe as a people is a question for time, but our belief in nothing has caused it to run out fast. To get it back and rebuild our collective spirituality, we have to believe in *something*. It may be silly and irrational, but rationality is overrated if it led us here, and from our current vantage point a belief in anything is a good start. □

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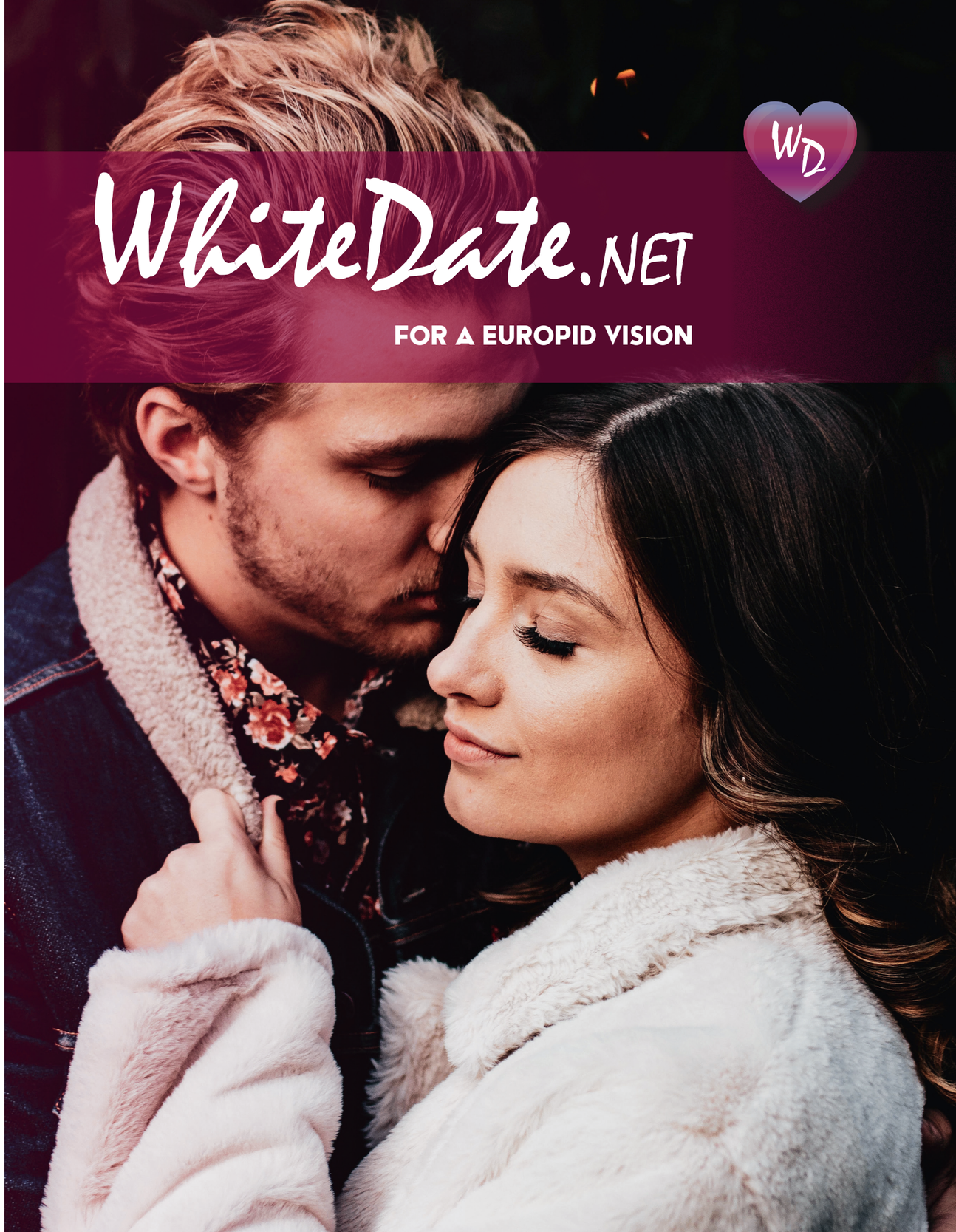
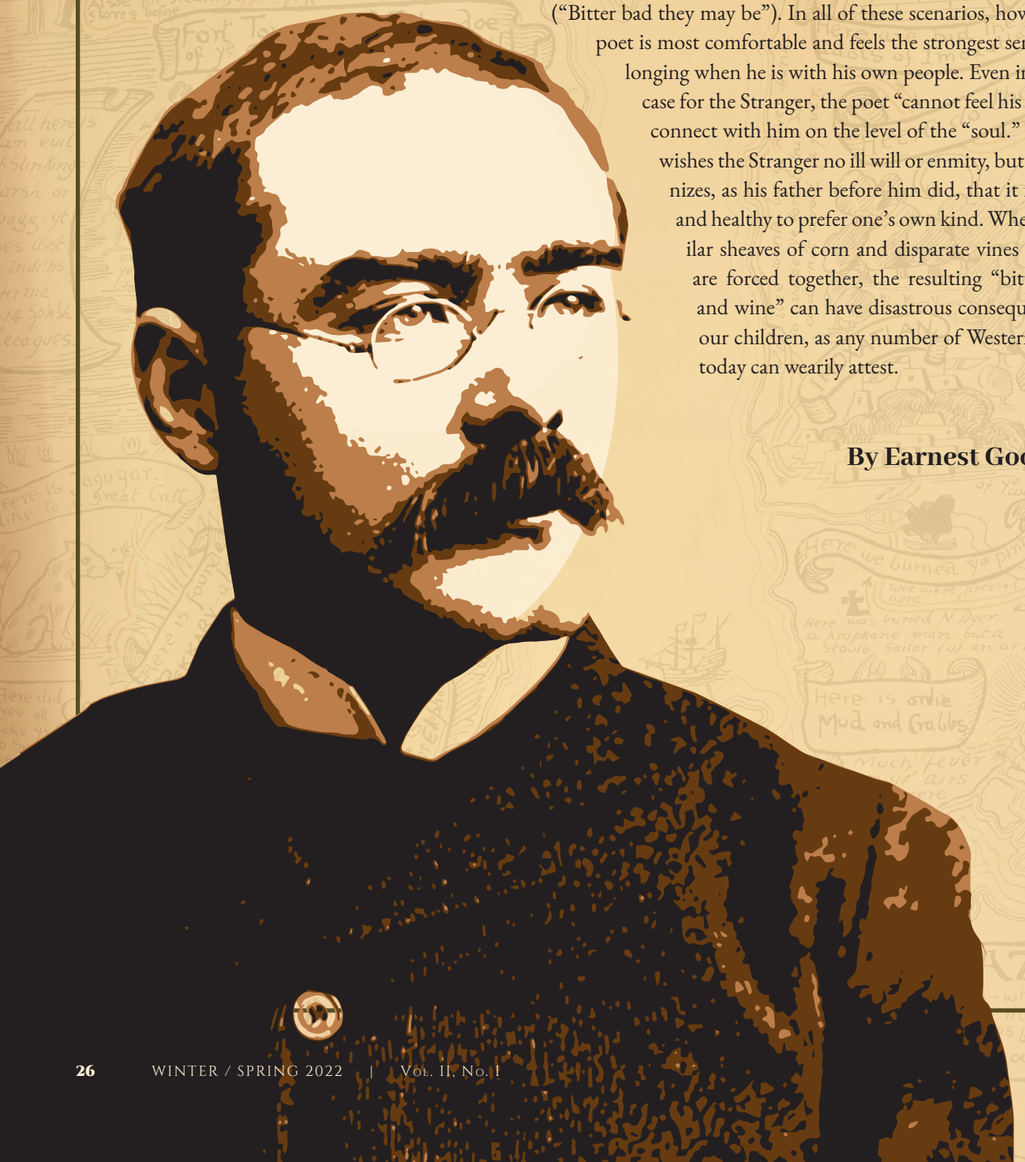


"The Stranger"
Rudyard Kipling, 1908

Part I



THE FIRST FOUR STANZAS form a pattern in that the first and third stanzas deal with the "Stranger" while the second and fourth stanzas are about the "men of my own stock." The first stanza gives the Stranger the most favorable prejudgment ("He may be true or kind"), the second and third are balanced toward both the familiar men ("They may do ill or well") and the Stranger ("He may be evil or good"), and the fourth considers the least desirable possibility for the familiar men ("Bitter bad they may be"). In all of these scenarios, however, the poet is most comfortable and feels the strongest sense of belonging when he is with his own people. Even in the best case for the Stranger, the poet "cannot feel his mind" or connect with him on the level of the "soul." The poet wishes the Stranger no ill will or enmity, but he recognizes, as his father before him did, that it is natural and healthy to prefer one's own kind. When dissimilar sheaves of corn and disparate vines of grapes are forced together, the resulting "bitter bread and wine" can have disastrous consequences for our children, as any number of Western nations today can wearily attest.

By Earnest Goodman

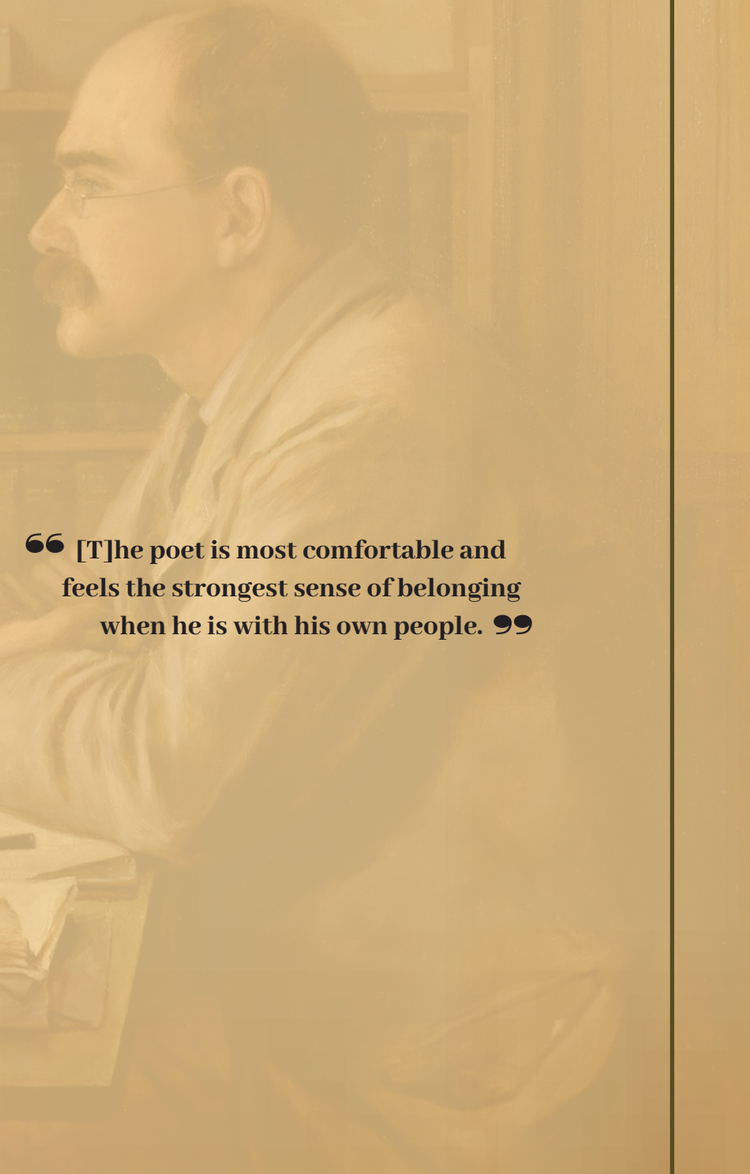
The Stranger within my gate,
He may be true or kind,
But he does not talk my talk—
I cannot feel his mind.
I see the face and the eyes and the mouth,
But not the soul behind.

The men of my own stock
They may do ill or well,
But they tell the lies I am wonted to,
They are used to the lies I tell.
And we do not need interpreters
When we go to buy and sell.

The Stranger within my gates,
He may be evil or good,
But I cannot tell what powers control—
What reasons sway his mood;
Nor when the Gods of his far-off land
Shall repossess his blood.

The men of my own stock,
Bitter bad they may be,
But, at least, they hear the things I hear,
And see the things I see;
And whatever I think of them and their likes
They think of the likes of me.

This was my father's belief
And this is also mine:
Let the corn be all one sheaf—
And the grapes be all one vine,
Ere our children's teeth are set on edge
By bitter bread and wine.



❝ [T]he poet is most comfortable and feels the strongest sense of belonging when he is with his own people. ❞

A RUDE AWAKENING
PROLOGUE

By Nathanial Nelson

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the water of life freely."

Heinrich lay motionless atop the bed, a down comforter unceremoniously draped across his chest. He struggled to raise himself from the reclined position in which he rested, only to find that his body was made of lead. His struggle was only brief, and he quickly surrendered to the insurmountable force of gravity which pulled him down against the mattress. With an exasperated sigh, he accepted his bedridden fate, and resigned himself to watching the blanket over him rise and fall with his chest.

"You're awake."

He rolled his head over to one side to scan the room for the voice's speaker. Inside the tiny confines of this cottage, dimly lit by the glowing embers of the hearth, a familiar old crone stared back at him, the deep lines engraved in her aged face betraying maternal concern. Adelaide had lived in the village Fellbarrow all her life. She was born to a family of modest means and had a humble upbringing amongst the villagers before being wed in her early years like so many other young ladies before. A tragic accident, however, befell her husband and claimed his life during the springtime of their love, and she found herself a widow not even a full season after their marriage. Stricken with grief and the loss of her husband, she withdrew, never accepting the advances of other men, and instead dedicated herself to her work as a practicing midwife and medicine woman. Denied the children of the man she loved, she chose to become the mother of a nation in hopes she could save even one soul from the heartache with which she was so personally acquainted. She delivered Heinrich the day he was born, swaddled him in clean linen, and handed him to his exhausted mother, just like she had done so many times before and so many times since. She tended to his injuries and sicknesses as he advanced in age as she had done for all the village children, a stone-faced guardian with a heavy but golden heart. It was a fortunate turn of fate that if there were any bed in the village wherein Heinrich would awaken in such a condition, it would be under her roof.

Her bony old hand reached out across the table and her fingers grasped the handle of an earthenware pitcher. She took the vessel and poured a draught into a cup, the water shimmering by the dim light of the cottage as it streamed down into the vessel. Heinrich licked his cracking lips expectantly—his throat was choked with sand and grit to the point that even trying to swallow

"Denied the children of the man she loved, she chose to become the mother of a nation in hopes she could save even one soul from the heartache with which she was so personally acquainted."

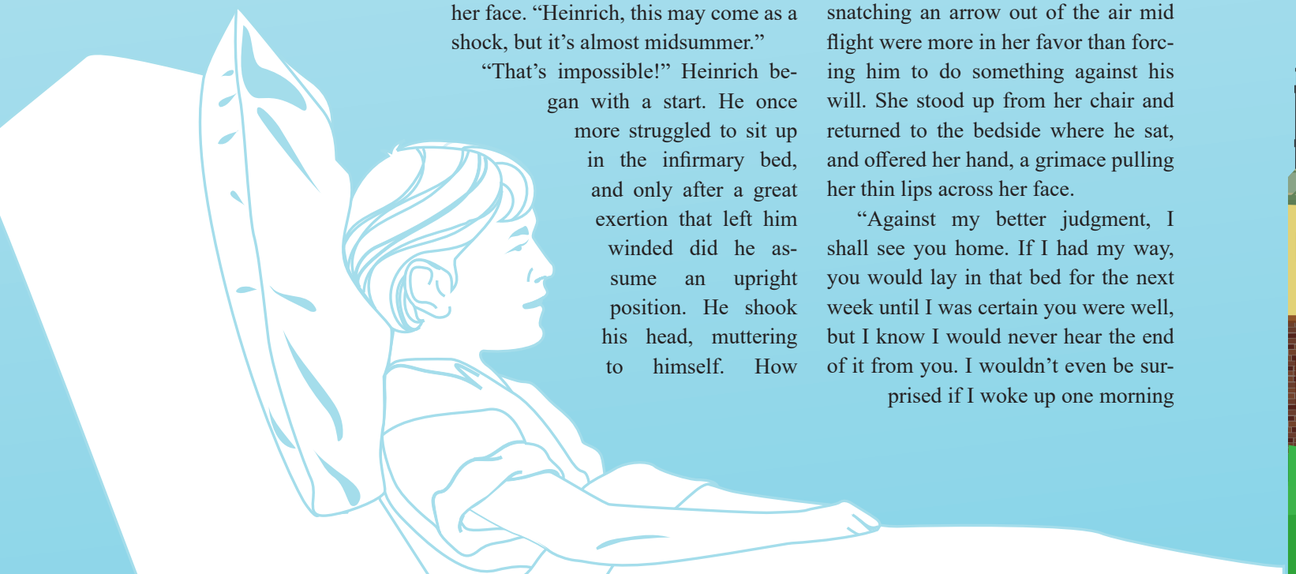
caused him great pain. Adelaide picked up the cup and approached his bed, and helped him to roll onto his side. He lifted up his hands to grab the drink from her, but she would not let go. She looked him dead in the eyes.

"Slowly, Heinrich. Drink slowly."

Heinrich had never been as thirsty as he was now, but still he heeded Adelaide's advice, gently raising the cup to his lips. The water was icy, as if it had welled up from far beneath the earth only moments ago, and carried with it the coolness of the stony deep. It was the sweetest thing to have passed his palate, and it took all of his self control to not empty it in a single pull and ask for more. With each drop that sank into his belly, he felt his strength returning in small but steady increments. With a satisfied gasp for air, Heinrich offered the empty cup back to his caretaker, which she accepted and set upon the table next to the pitcher. She resumed her position atop her chair, and studied the condition of her ailing patient before folding her hands across her lap and crossing her legs.

"Adelaide . . . what happened?"

"I think I have a better question that should be asked, dear boy. Tell me, what do you remember?"



> "I found you unconscious alongside the road the day before yesterday, and I brought you back here.' Adelaide paused, a grimace on her face. "Heinrich, this may come as a shock, but it's almost midsummer."

"Well, I—" Heinrich paused. He furrowed his brow, struggling to peer through the fog that clouded his head, before concluding his sentence. "I don't rightly know." The mist hung thick and obscuring, all efforts to clear it hindered by the dull, throbbing pain in the back of his skull. He reached deep into the haze, seeking to grasp any object which might cue him in to the nature of his condition or stir his memory. "I remember I had taken the oxen out to plow the fields. Last frost had just passed, and we were getting ready to sow. Erik was there, he was helping me. We were working, it was getting warm out, and then . . . I don't know. I can't remember anything else, Adelaide."

"Do you know how long ago that was, dear boy?"

"No. How long was I out?"

"I don't know. I found you unconscious alongside the road the day before yesterday, and I brought you back here." Adelaide paused, a grimace on her face. "Heinrich, this may come as a shock, but it's almost midsummer."

"That's impossible!" Heinrich began with a start. He once more struggled to sit up in the infirmary bed, and only after a great exertion that left him winded did he assume an upright position. He shook his head, muttering to himself. How could two whole months simply disappear? It was impossible that he had spent that much time unconscious on the side of the road before Adelaide's arrival. He would have expired in only a couple short days, simply as a matter of fact. What, then, could he have possibly been doing for such a lengthy and enigmatic duration of time that was beyond his recollection? Between the confusion, the fatigue, and the dull ache somewhere behind his eyes, he cradled his head in his hands and wracked his brain for answers.

"You shouldn't overexert yourself. You're still weak."

"I can't just lay here, Adelaide! If I've been gone that long, everyone must be worried sick about me. I need to go back home."

Adelaide's brow knitted into a tapestry of concern, and she took a deep breath as she shook her head. Every instinct in her body told her to make Heinrich rest. She knew, however, that he had always been a bull-headed boy, and that the diminutive chances of her snatching an arrow out of the air mid flight were more in her favor than forcing him to do something against his will. She stood up from her chair and returned to the bedside where he sat, and offered her hand, a grimace pulling her thin lips across her face.

"Against my better judgment, I shall see you home. If I had my way, you would lay in that bed for the next week until I was certain you were well, but I know I would never hear the end of it from you. I wouldn't even be surprised if I woke up one morning to have found that you'd let yourself out of your own accord, your poor health be damned. No, we'll save ourselves all that trouble, and I'll accompany you instead. Let's get you on your feet."

Heinrich grasped her hand with what little strength he could muster, and inhaled sharply as he forced himself to his feet, his knees almost buckling from the sudden strain placed on them. As the blood coursed its way down his body and into his legs, he could feel his head grow light. His vision tunneled into the wall ahead of him and the edges of his sight blurred and dimmed. He swayed for a moment, holding on to Adelaide's hand for dear life, the floor threatening to bludgeon him if he dare fall. But equilibrium soon returned to his body and balance, and sheepishly, he placed one foot in front of the other, making his way to the center of the room, guided by Adelaide's hand the entire time. He finally loosed his grasp, and thanked her, confident in his ability once more to walk again.

Adelaide fetched a walking stick for her convalescent companion, and then grabbed the pitcher of water from the table. She made her way for the door and cast it open, sending bright rays of sunlight streaking into the small cottage, dispelling darkness from even the most sheltered corners, burning Heinrich's now shielded eyes. When at last his vision had adjusted to the searing radiance of day, he plucked up his courage and stepped out into the garden. Behind him, the hinges creaked as the door closed, and Adelaide assumed a vigilant watch at his side as they made their way down the cobblestone walkway, the sloshing water in the pitcher punctuated by their steps against the path.

"Adelaide, why are you bringing that pitcher with us? There's water in the village."

Adelaide offered him no response, however. Her grimace only pulled tighter across her face, and they made the rest of the journey in silence. The medicine woman's home was not far from the town, but to get there, they had to cross through a thick patch of woods and crest the hill. Heinrich found himself having to stop several times to lean against a tree or boulder and catch his breath, and what should have been a brief hike took several hours. The woods began to thin, and through the tree line, Heinrich could see the first outlines of cottages, the beginnings of the Fellbarrow. Adelaide hadn't uttered a word the entire hike, but now with the village finally in sight she spoke, soft and solemn.

"Stay close, Heinrich. It is not the village you used to know."

A RUDE AWAKENING: ALL IS NOT WELL
CHAPTER I

By Nathanial Nelson

"Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

The percussive tapping of the cleaver across the board imbued Herman's work with a diabolical rhythm. The blade reflected red in the dim and waning light of the day, its crimson hues only strengthened by the glow of the fire and the blood streaked upon the steel. Satisfied with his preparations, he took the cutting board in his hands and made his way over to a bubbling pot atop the hearth, dumping the skewered viscera into the cauldron before returning once more to his work table. He grabbed another carcass from a box beneath the bar, and began again to carefully skin and separate the meat.

Tonight's stew was a stew to rival even Kocher's culinary prowess, he mused. The hunters had returned today with a fresh and plentiful bounty whose hidden flavors and aromas he was preparing to gently coax into the broth of tonight's meal. In spite of the slowing business the Falcon & Fowl had suffered in recent days, Herman still found his pleasure in preparing meals for what few guests still graced his fine abode. He wiped the oily sweat from his brow and continued his preparations, whistling through dry and cracking lips as best he could in a synchronized rhythm with the strikes of the cleaver.

Halfway through processing the carcass that adorned his cutting board, he looked up, his attention arrested by the squealing hinges of the front door. As the portal swung wide, two silhouettes blotted out the late afternoon sun behind them, casting long shadows across the threshold and into the Falcon & Fowl. An elderly woman assisted a pale man through the entrance as he feebly clutched his walking stick. Sweat had soaked through his shirt, leaving dark stains in the brown fabric beneath his arms and across his chest. She shut the door behind them as the ailing vagabond beelined to the nearest unoccupied table and haphazardly threw his weight onto a chair with a loud "humph!" gasping for breath. Shortly after, he was joined by his companion, who first assessed his condition then set an earthenware pitcher on the oaken face. She did not, however, take a seat alongside this decrepit man, but instead approached the kitchen where Herman had once more resumed his incessant tapping.

"Herman, may we please have some cups?" Adelaide requested.

Herman eyed the old woman with curiosity. He didn't recognize her, and yet here she was addressing him by name. He licked the foaming spittle from the corners of his dry mouth, and leered across the small bar counter that separated them.

"This is a place of business, not a charity. You're welcome to purchase something to drink. I would appreciate it if you didn't bring your own food or beverage into this establishment, miss. . . ." He trailed off, leaving an expectant pause at the end of his sentence in hope that the old crone might tell him her name.

"Adelaide, Herman. We've met before. I was just here the other night."

". . . Adelaide. Well, the fact of the matter is that my point still stands, and I'd ask that you respect the rules of my establishment. Now, what can I get for you, wanderer?"

"Just cups, friend. We've brought our own drink tonight, but I'll gladly pay the full cost of a beverage if you insist that I must."

Herman shook his head slowly, pondering whether to linger in his confusion or take offence, then grabbed two mugs from beneath the bar and set them on the counter with a dull bang. Coin exchanged hands, and Adelaide scooped up the utensils. She nodded thanks to the innkeeper, and made her way back to the table, where her friend sat, and poured each of them drinks.

"Heinrich, I want you to take a good look at that man," Adelaide spoke in a conspiratorial whisper from across the table. "I know you've been here before, even with me, and yet that man hasn't the faintest clue as to who we are. Despite the fact that we've known Herman all of our lives, he barely recognizes us. Look at him, Heinrich, *look*, and soak it in."

Heinrich shifted in his seat, angling himself ever so slightly towards the kitchen where Herman was bustling to and fro. Sweat streaked down Herman's face, matting his thick black hair against his forehead. He ran his hand across his brow, and flicked it hard to the floor, hurling droplets of moisture against it. His breathing was heavy, and his whole frame seemed to shake with each breath he drew from his cracked lips, between which a bubble of spittle had nestled itself once more in the corner of his mouth. Dark circles ringed deep set, bloodshot eyes that darted across the cutting board with a possessed intensity. With a convulsive motion, he reached below the bar and pulled up the slain corpse of tonight's fare—a massive rat that lay draped across the cutting board while the cook sharpened his blades preparing to skin it.

"Adelaide," Heinrich whispered, choking back bile. "He's cooking rats."

Adelaide did not respond. She simply nodded her head slowly, as if the contents of the fiend's stew did not surprise her in the slightest. Heinrich watched in horror as the butcher stripped off the fur from the slain rodent, cast its entrails into the burning coals of the hearth, and sliced its meat to ribbons beneath the glimmering blade. With a crooked grin, Herman staggered across the kitchen and to the bubbling pot once more, adding the meat to the stew.

"What's wrong with him, Adelaide?"

"Finish your drink, Heinrich. We've rested here long enough. It's still a ways back to your family's homestead, and dark will be coming soon. We can talk along the way. Unless, you would rather stay here, of course."

Heinrich barely registered the words as he watched the butcher dip a ladle into the bubbling vat of carrion and bring it to his lips, sipping gently at the poison brew. The twisted smile became a bitter scowl as Herman began to mutter curses at the grotesque meal he had so fervently prepared, though the power of his morbid fascination was not enough to persuade Heinrich to spend the night in such a lair as this. He picked up his cup, finished his drink, and staggered to his feet. With one hand placed firmly on the back of his chair, he took hold of his walking stick with the other, and began to make his way back to the door, Adelaide on his heels. As Heinrich placed his hand on the steel handle, an interrogative voice,

"Heinrich watched in horror as the butcher stripped off the fur from the slain rodent, cast its entrails into the burning coals of the hearth, and sliced its meat to ribbons beneath the glimmering blade."

filled with bitterness and suspicion, set his skin crawling.

"Are you not staying for dinner, friends?"

"No, sir. I'm afraid we've still a good distance ahead of us before we make our destination for the night. Goodbye."

The cool evening air breathed relief into the travelers as they exited the gloomy recesses of the Falcon & Fowl. The sun was beginning to dip below the fiery horizon to the west, and from the east, a thick blanket of violet began to creep across the sky. Sickly yellow and full, the moon had been out for hours, an inquisitive eye gauging them as they stood in the square with quiet uncertainty. Distorted shadows extended outward and approached the spot where they stood, threatening to smother them in the same madness to which they had just borne witness. Somewhere in the distance, a mournful wail broke the silence of the twilight only to disappear as quickly as it had come. Heinrich couldn't help but wonder if it was safe to travel at night. Perhaps, he considered, his night might be better spent in the belly of the Falcon & Fowl. A fleeting consideration when Herman's sickly visage filled his mind's eye once more, his cleaver feverishly tapping against his cutting board in the process of slicing through the bloody remains of a rat. The vision quickly dispelled itself, but Heinrich's curiosity still lingered. As he began to walk, he broke the still and posed once more his burning question to Adelaide.

"Adelaide, you didn't answer my question back there. What was wrong with Herman?"

"The same thing that's wrong with everyone, dear boy."

"That doesn't answer my question."

Adelaide motioned for Heinrich to follow her through the winding contours of the village square. In the center, surrounded by the dark visages of numerous homes and storefronts, stood a well—the lifeblood of the town. A single coil of rope was wrapped about the crank, a bucket tied to the end of the line. Adelaide seized the bucket, and cast it down into the invisible depths as Heinrich watched. When the bucket had finished its descent with a perfunctory splash, Adelaide took the crank in her hands, pulling the line taught and dragging the vessel up from the bottom. She seized it as it crested the ridge, and untied it from the line, motioning for Heinrich to come near. In the faint light, the water inside the bucket appeared as dark as the abyss from which it had been drawn, a slick and oily film floating near the surface. Adelaide tilted the bucket and poured some of it out onto the ground, and through the reflecting glow he could see that the water was not clear, but saturated with a color similar to the plague moon climbing higher in the sky.

"They're sick, Heinrich. Something has happened to the well that once sustained the village of Fellbarrow, and now everyone is sick, delirious, and lost. It was no small stroke of fortune that I found you when I did. The poison that you had imbibed had become too much, and left you dying by the side of the road. Heinrich," Adelaide paused, weighing her next words carefully. "Our village will be lost if we can't save our people."

A somber chill idled over the square as the last rays of light vanished behind the hill, leaving the travelers alone in the mute calm of the one-time lively village. Nowhere did the children play, nowhere could a soul be found on their way home after a long day of labour in the fields or the orchards. Every home and shop in sight was tainted by an oppressive umbrage, tyrannizing their small village. Heinrich broke the stillness first.

"What can we do? We can't let them drink this poison any longer—we have to get them clean water."

"Were it so simple, I would have done it a thousand times already, dear boy. But in their delirium they have become suspicious. You saw Herman at the Falcon & Fowl. We were but strangers to him, even though I myself have personally patronized that establishment for years. There is no trust anymore, just sickness and loss everywhere I look. We are now strangers in our own home, and will receive similar treatment wherever we go. Surely we may be able to bring some into our care yet, but I cannot do it alone. I am not as strong or as wise as I used to be, and the task before us is monumental in size. I need your help, Heinrich."

A heavy sigh escaped Heinrich's mouth, and his head tilted with a solemn nod.

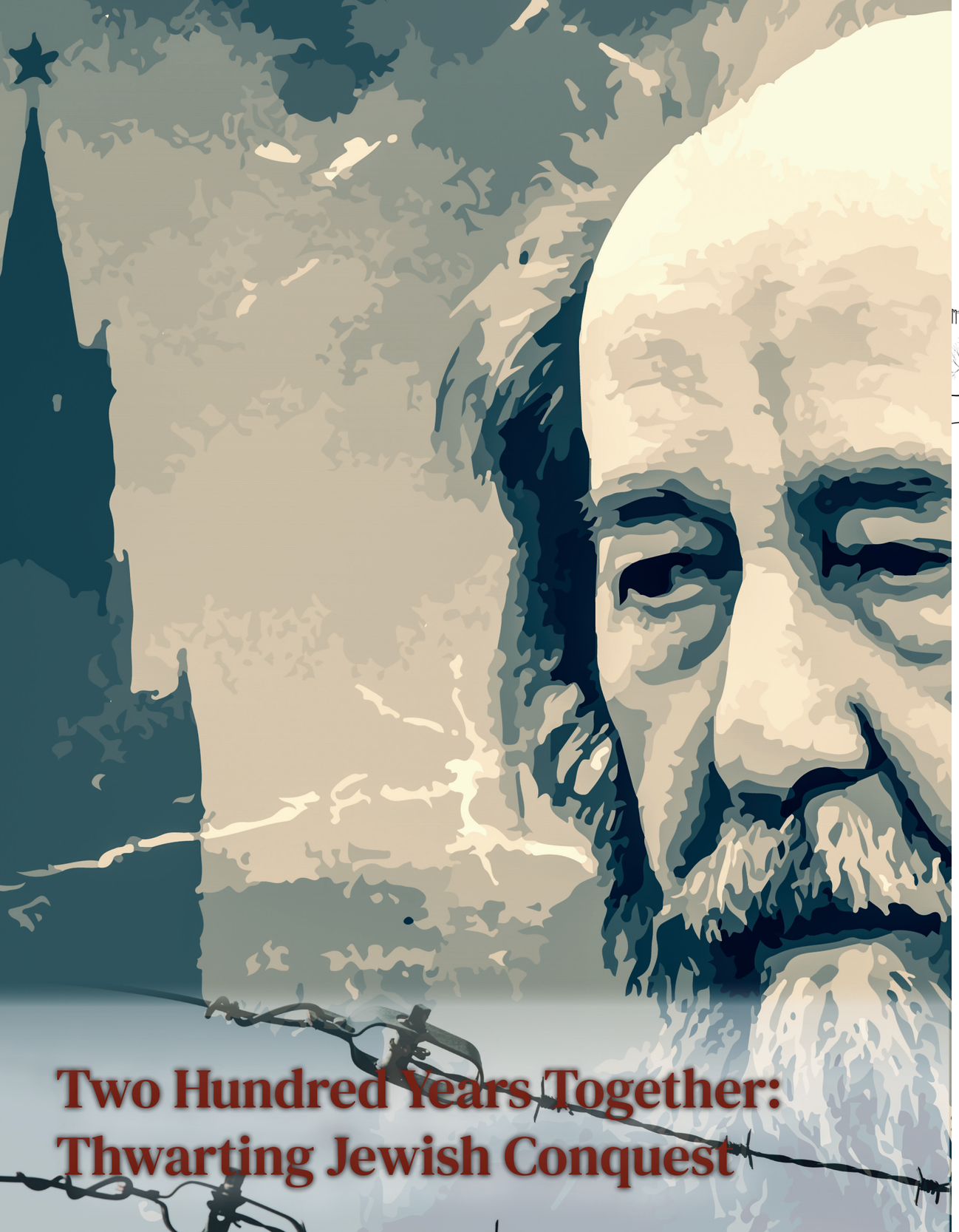
"Come Hell or high water, Adelaide, we will get our home back again."

"Are you ready to see your family's farm? I must warn you that it's not what it once was."

The cold fingers of apprehension wrapped around the sinking heart in Heinrich's chest. He did not acknowledge Adelaide's question with a response of his own, but, in lieu of words, firmly clutched his walking stick, placed one shaking foot in front of the other, and started upon the road ahead in the direction of the old family home. □

"Are you ready to see your family's farm? I must warn you that it's not what it once was."

The cold fingers of apprehension wrapped around the sinking heart in Heinrich's chest.



Two Hundred Years Together: Thwarting Jewish Conquest

Solzhenitsyn and the Right
Chapter 10
Spencer J. Quinn
Antelope Hill Books, $6.45–$29.89
ISBN 9781953730565

By Spencer J. Quinn

Aleksandr Isayevich Solzhenitsyn (1918–2008) was a Russian writer and political prisoner who helped expose the Soviet Gulag system and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1970. Best known for *Cancer Ward* (1966) and *The Gulag Archipelago* (1973), Solzhenitsyn's later two-volume work *Two Hundred Years Together* (2002), documenting Russian–Jewish relations, the history of Jews in Russia, and Jewish power in the Soviet Union, has yet to be translated into English and remains controversial.

Much of the tremendous value of Solzhenitsyn's *Two Hundred Years Together* rests in how it was written completely without rancor. Only a highly cynical or unreasonable person could call it anti-Semitic—that is, a work which professes animosity or anger towards Jews as a people. Solzhenitsyn does not do this. Instead, he approaches the subject with great sensitivity and, despite his critical nature, seems to hope that no one takes it personally. Yes, the author introduces the personal touch in many places. After all, he did live through some of the history he describes and personally met or corresponded with people who had witnessed things he hadn't. And yes, the mordant barbs are there, as are the sarcastic asides. But this is no different than in his memoirs.

Solzhenitsyn simply wishes to tell the truth about Jews as a racially distinct people living in his beloved homeland. That most of what he writes is negative is partially the result of a number of Jewish authors making even more inflammatory statements about Russians. Chapter Twenty-Five focuses on just that, and the vitriol spilling from Jewish pens is simply venomous. Here is an example from one Arkady Belinkov, who attempts to paint Russians with a particularly broad brush:

> [A] pathetic society of slaves . . . a pathetic society of slaves, descendants of slaves and ancestors of slaves . . . the cattle trembling from fear and anger . . . rectum-pipers, shuddering at the thought of possible consequences . . . the Russian intelligentsia always been willing to help stifle freedom.

Solzhenitsyn reveals that for every act of anti-Jewish discrimination or prejudice we read about in mainstream literature, there were official efforts of conciliation and cooperation as well. And for every Jew killed in a bloody pogrom, there were *more* Russians, Ukrainians, and others who suffered and died as a result of Jewish oppression, malfeasance, or vindictiveness when considering the early Soviet period. This is the great untold truth which Solzhenitsyn reveals in *Two Hundred Years Together*. In response, he demands that Jews own up to their own prodigious sins, just as they continually demand that Russians (and whites in general) own up to theirs.

One unintentionally hilarious state of affairs keeps repeating itself, however. It's like a running joke, and represents the only time when Solzhenitsyn may indeed go a little too far in his characterization of Jews. Throughout the nineteenth century, Russian leaders had tried to assimilate Jews. Vexed by Jewish clannishness and aloofness, as well as by their stubborn predisposition for usury, liquor selling, and other forms of opportunistic merchandizing, Tsar after Tsar had encouraged the Jewish population to act like Russians and become farmers. Tremendous energy over many years was expended in dragging reluctant Jews towards agriculture, but for naught. Jews made *terrible* farmers, and no amount of social engineering was going to change that. Further, many Jews exercised whatever chicanery they

could to get *out* of farming and return to business as usual in the cities or their shtetls. They just didn't like manual labor. In fact, Jews would often get angry with those outlier Jews who managed to succeed in farming because that only encouraged the Russians with this wretched business. I can imagine Solzhenitsyn chuckling to himself when he wrote about how Jews preferred trades which were "minimal on physical labor" and had a "national aversion to being outdoors." This is as close to Jew-shaming as Solzhenitsyn gets in *Two Hundred Years Together*, yet it's hard to say who gets more egg on their face in the end: the silly Jews who can't seem to learn how to use a plow, or the silly Russians who can't see the futility in trying to turn nimble-minded Semites into Slavic peasants. It is a true comedy of errors.

I can imagine Solzhenitsyn chuckling to himself when he wrote about how Jews preferred trades which were "minimal on physical labor" and had a "national aversion to being outdoors."

Beyond its comprehensive and dispassionate assessment of the Jewish Question in Russia, the book eloquently prescribes ethnocentrism as, if not a cure, then at least a palliative to the evils caused by close-quarters contact between Jews and gentiles. Quite often Solzhenitsyn underscores the Jew's prime loyalty to his own people, just as he himself displays loyalty to his own people. He doesn't blame the Jews for this and takes pains to name Jews who saw themselves as being equally Russian and Jewish (or even Russian first, Jewish second). But the fact remains that these were (and still are) a small minority among Jews.

This is a demonstrable fact. Even Jews notice it. Solzhenitsyn uses some of the more honest ones as sources for *Two Hundred Years Together*, such as Josef Biekerman, who was mentioned earlier. This makes this work impossible to dismiss. What follows are a few more examples of Solzhenitsyn's Jewish sources.

A Victim of Fanaticism
Mykola Pymonenko
1899
The Jewish community in Kremenets, Ukraine punishing a Jewish girl for her relationship with a Christian and conversion to Christianity.

In Chapter Twenty-One, "During the Soviet-German War," he summarizes Jewish author Solomon Lurie as follows (emphasis in the original):

> . . . a Jew living in a particular country belongs *not only to that* country, and his loyalties become inevitably split in two. The Jews have always harbored nationalist attitudes, but the object of their nationalism was Jewry, not the country in which they lived. Their interest in *this* country is partial.

In Chapter Twenty-Seven, "About the Assimilation," he quotes Jewish philosopher Martin Buber:

> So far, our existence had served only to shake the thrones of idols, but not to erect the throne of God. This is exactly why our existence among other nations is so mysterious. We purport to teach others about the absolute, but in reality we just say 'no' to other nations, or, perhaps, we are actually nothing more than just the embodiment of such negation. This is why we have turned into the nightmare of the nations.

In the same chapter, he quotes author Arthur Koestler challenging Jews to either immigrate to Israel or renounce their Jewish identity:

> . . . all previous attempts of assimilation were based on the wrong assumption that the Jews could be adequate sons of the host nation, while at the same time preserving their religion and remaining the Chosen People.

He then quotes an Israeli author, A. B. Yoshua:

> The Galut [diaspora] Jew is an immoral creature. He uses all the benefits of his host country but at the same time he does not fully identify with it. These people demand the status which no other nation in the world has—to be allowed to have two homelands: the one, where they currently live, and another one, where 'their heart lives.' And after that they still wonder why they are hated!

Language cannot get any plainer than that, can it?

Yet, Solzhenitsyn points out that these Jews receive nothing but ridicule or contempt from their fellow Jews. This is a constant refrain throughout *Two Hundred Years Together*. We have already discussed the abuse that Biekerman had to face. In Chapter Twenty-Four, "Breaking Away from Bolshevism," Solzhenitsyn details the life of Mikhail Kheifetz, a Jew who had also suffered through the camps and then endeavored to apologize on behalf his people for all the evil they had committed in the Soviet Union. "He was bitterly ridiculed," Solzhenitsyn writes.

Stop Your Cruel Oppression of the Jews
Emil Flohri
1904
Cartoon depicting President Theodore Roosevelt appealing the Russia Czar Nicolas II to end oppression of Russian Jews.

Felix Svetov was another. This was a Jew who had converted to Christianity and called for Jewish repentance in an autobiographical novel entitled *Open the Doors for Me*. He was branded a self-hating anti-Semite by other Jews. Of course, these same Jews, oblivious to their double standard, would welcome this kind of repentance from non-Jews. But if a Jew does it, it's anti-Semitism.

In the later chapters, Solzhenitsyn revisits many of his major themes and pontificates on the Jewish Question in more general terms ("Can we say that the Jews always struggled for freedom?"). While certainly interesting and thought-provoking, this is where one of the author's messages begins to fray. This message is one of meaning or divine purpose. God put Jews and Russians together for a reason—perhaps to test or temper both parties—but who can truly understand God? Perhaps through honesty and reconciliation we will all become better people? On the last pages of *Two Hundred Years Together*, he writes:

> The purpose of this book, reflected even in its title, is this: we should understand each other, we should recognize each other's standpoint and feelings. With this book, I want to extend a handshake of understanding—for all our future.
>
> But we must do so mutually!

Two hundred years is a long time to leave the light on. And it hasn't gotten any better since *Two Hundred Years Together* was published.

A fine sentiment—but is it based in reality? Not to play Bert to Solzhenitsyn's Ernie, but if the Jews truly wished to recognized the "standpoint and feelings" of white gentiles, wouldn't they have done so by now? Two hundred years is a long time to leave the light on. And it hasn't gotten any better since *Two Hundred Years Together* was published. The Jewish response to the book

was largely negative, and Solzhenitsyn's posthumous reputation as an anti-Semite in some circles is now beginning to rival his reputation as a dissident author. For example, Jewish writer Cathy Young, in a 2004 article for *Reason Magazine*, not only dismissed this work as anti- Semitic but questioned whether Solzhenitsyn himself was an anti-Semite, something he always vigorously denied. She repeated this sentiment sixteen years later in her *Quillette* article, "Solzhenitsyn: The Fall of a Prophet." Longtime Solzhenitsyn antagonist Richard Pipes had a more measured, yet still critical, response. Many of these responses challenge Solzhenitsyn's scholarship in one way or another. This mostly entails not just pouncing on factual errors, but impugning Solzhenitsyn's exoneration of the Tsarist treatment of Jews prior to the revolutions of 1917, downplaying the significance of the Jewish role in the October Revolution and early Soviet government, and questioning his choice of sources (Jewish or not), which largely bolstered his views at the expense of others. From this, they predictably conclude that the great man slipped from scholarly objectivity to personal anti-Jewish bias.

The work is close to a thousand pages long, and Solzhenitsyn was writing it in his late seventies. It would be shocking if there were no errors in it at all. What is distressing, however, is that in their responses these Jewish critics said little about the vast suffering of Russians during the Soviet period or cared to refute Solzhenitsyn's linking of high-level Jews such as Leon Trotsky, Grigory Zinoviev, Lazar Kaganovich, Genrikh Yagoda, Lev Inzhir, Naftaly Frenkel, and others to this suffering. They preferred to defend the honor of Jews against a man who had a lot of nice things to say about them despite all his criticisms. Finally, these critics don't seem to appreciate that *Two Hundred Years Together* offers the Russian response to shelves upon shelves of anti-Russian literature flowing from the pens of Jews. Russians are entitled to their perspectives—as are white people in general—and they have the right to express them, even if they violate norms established and policed by Jews. There is nothing in the above criticisms of *Two Hundred Years Together* that seems to respect this perspective, even for a man with the impeccable integrity of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

The Bolshevik
Boris Mikhaylovich Kustodiev
1920

Russians are entitled to their perspectives—as are white people in general—and they have the right to express them. . . .

Does any of this offer hope that Solzhenitsyn's "handshake of understanding" will somehow *not* be rebuffed by the Jewish people? Is there anything in *Two Hundred Years Together* that justifies this kind of hope? Here is Solzhenitsyn, quite literally offering eternal friendship to the Jews on behalf of the Russian people, and here is Cathy Young, in effect telling him to go jump in a lake. We all know that righteous Jews like Josef Biekerman would never do that—and bless his eternal soul for that. But few people other than Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn even care about what Josef Biekerman thought. The Jews certainly don't, at least not in a positive way, and they've had almost a century now to change their minds about people like him.

Vladimir Lenin returns to Petrograd
1917

Bolshevik Butchers
Genrikh Yagoda
Lazar Kaganovich
Grigory Zinoviev
Leon Trotsky
Maxim Litvinov
Matvei Berman
Naftaly Frenkel

So while we wait, we're left suspending our disbelief regarding the Jewish Question—*and it's getting heavier every year*. As whites slowly become minorities in their homelands, Solzhenitsyn's calls for hope and reconciliation sound more and more like the stuff of fantasy. As a devout Christian, hoping against the odds may have retained some meaning for him, but for those of us with a post- Christian mindset (or for those Christians dismayed by how the Church has embraced the degeneracy of Cultural Marxism), the question emerges: How much longer can we afford to hope?

Furthermore, in the absence of hope, what else is there?

If there is anything else in *Two Hundred Years Together* besides a catalogue of Jews' misdeeds, it's ethnocentrism. It's real, it's natural, it's inevitable, and it pulses through almost every page, not only in the brazenly clannish behavior of the Jews but also in Solzhenitsyn's narration. Being an ethnonationalist himself, he has a nose for the racial aspects of the history he's compiling. Many of the details he unearths are unusual, and in the vast majority of cases they strengthen his thesis regarding the racial or ethnic underpinnings of Jewish and Russian strife. He also speaks directly to the reader on behalf of ethnocentrism, especially towards the end. In Chapter Fourteen, "During 1917," he writes:

> . . . in July the All-Russian Conference on the Jewish Congress

The All-Russian Assembly of Soviets in Petrograd
1917

preparation took place in Petrograd. Because of social enthusiasm, [Maxim] Vinaver was able to declare there that the idea of united Jewish nation [*sic*], dispersed among different countries, is ripe, and that from now on the Russian Jews may not be indifferent to the situation of Jews in other countries, such as Romania or Poland. The Congress date was set for December.

What an upsurge of Jewish national energy it was!

This national energy played out a few years later during the Soviet- Polish War, when many Polish Jews welcomed the Red Army and were accused of harboring pro-Soviet or anti-Polish attitudes. Some were charged with spying for the Soviets. But national energy isn't the purview of Jews alone. Ukrainians also had a nationalist agenda, which was undervalued by Jews and Russians alike. It should then come as no surprise that some of the bloodiest fighting during the Civil War, and certainly the bloodiest pogroms, occurred in Ukraine.

In the same chapter, Solzhenitsyn notes how a *lack* of ethnocentrism makes a people weak. He writes how a foolish "loss of sense of national self-preservation" on the part of the Provisional Government's leaders doomed them. They spent millions of rubles promoting the interests of ethnic minorities in Russia, but ignored the needs of Russians. Solzhenitsyn states how P. N. Milyukov, a minister in the Provisional Government and an ethnic Russian, never expressed pro-Russian sentiments while in office. Alexander Kerensky also repudiated his Russian identity and expressed considerable bias against Russian conservatives.

In Chapter Eighteen, "In the 1920s," Solzhenitsyn discusses the nationalist reactions to Jewish hegemony. In 1926, Y. V. Klyutchnikov, a publicist and former Kadet, gave a speech in which he explained anti-Jewish hooliganism as an expression of the "hurt national feelings of Russians" and pointed to the imbalance created by the disproportionate presence of Jews in cities and in government:

> We have a housing crisis in Moscow—masses of people are crowding into areas not fit for habitation and at the same time people see others pouring in from other parts of the country taking up housing. These arrivals are Jews. A national dissatisfaction is rising and a defensiveness and fear of other nationalities. We must not close our eyes to that. A Russian speaking to a Russian will say things that he will not say to a Jew. Many are saying that there are too many Jews in Moscow. This must be dealt with, but don't call it anti-Semitism.

If it could be done there, it can be done anywhere.

In Chapter Nineteen, "In the 1930s," he writes how Jews fretted about the rebirth of Russian patriotism (discredited as "Great Russian chauvinism"), even on the eve of the Second World War. Solzhenitsyn discovered an Israeli magazine from 1988 which, in an example of classic Jewish solipsism, condemned the resurgence of Russian patriotism in the late 1930s despite the fact that Russian patriotism ended up saving Soviet Jewry from the Germans in the war. Solzhenitsyn then quite reasonably asks his Jewish readers if any Russian patriotism can be permitted at all. Chapter Twenty, "In the Camps of Gulag," begins with zek Solzhenitsyn being disabused of his humanist pretensions while interned as a guest of the state. Prisoners self-segregated by nationality (as they do in all prisons), and some nationalities were treated better than others. Being a Russian, Solzhenitsyn of course fell into the latter group.

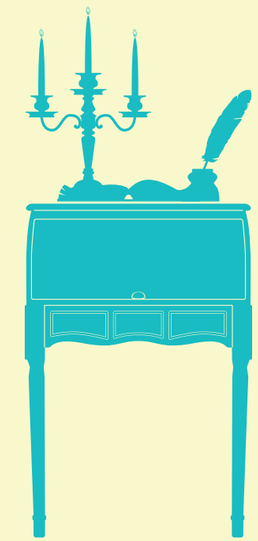
As *Two Hundred Years Together* comes to a close, Solzhenitsyn concludes that the loss of nationalism would be "an impoverishment of humanity, the entropy of the spirit." In Chapter Twenty-Six, "The Beginning of Exodus," he states that Jewish Israeli nationalism is natural, necessary, and should be encouraged. By quoting an Israeli author in Chapter Twenty-One, "During the Soviet-German War," he also airs the suppressed opinion that is was a lack of Jewish nationalism which led to the Jewish Holocaust. In the end, he prescribes nationalism as the cure for the "curse of exile." Having been an exile himself for nearly two decades, Solzhenitsyn has a clear understanding of what it's like to be apart from one's home.

The difficulty, of course, is that most of the Jewish diaspora prefers to be rootless. They prefer exile and alienation in gentile lands to a somewhat harsher life in Israel. This indeed makes life easier for them, but as Jewish political influence outside of Israel increases, white gentiles suffer more, and the more this extra-national Jewish presence resembles conquest. If modern white dissidents can learn anything from *Two Hundred Years Together*, it's that white identity is the only antidote to Jewish conquest. In the final chapters, Solzhenitsyn outlines how the resurgence of even a relatively mild Russian identity in the Soviet Union was enough to send large numbers of Jews packing for Israel and the West. In many cases, a mere lack of professional advancement did the trick.

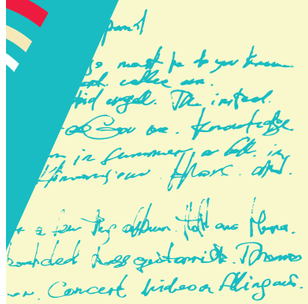
If it could be done there, it can be done anywhere.

Two Hundred Years Together is an invaluable source for all Right-wing dissidents. It provides ammunition to prevent Jewish conquest, which is the animating force behind the totalitarian Left. It is history which must be internalized and weaponized. Afterwards, once the Jewish Left has been thwarted, with the majority of Jews either assimilating into the gentile population once and for all or returning to Israel, only then can we seek the honesty and reconciliation that Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn so fervently asked for. Only then can we reflect on how it all had meaning. □

POETRY



REB KITTREDGE
EARNEST GOODMAN
CHARLIE CHISHOLM
EDWARD MARTEL
SPENCER J. QUINN



A Fish Called Sally

Progressive Sally eyes
the delicate fly
on the surface, yanked
along by skillful hands.

The shiny spoon
glints and skirts
submerged
logs, slides
through grasses.

The spotted plug
wobbles,
its lip
kicks up a little wake.

Hooked she's hauled
in, slipped
onto the line
with all the other

pretty fish
bedazzled
by the colorful
lures.

By Reb Kittredge

Reb Kittredge is a retired philosophy professor whose poems have appeared in numerous literary magazines.

Gift

By Reb Kittredge

It's okay to take pride in something
you didn't make, or do.

Like a gift.

Say, the gold
signet ring

my parents gave me.

Or Mother's
hazel eyes,

my father's gift
for math.

And all things bequeathed.

Say, the Parthenon,
Gulliver's Travels, walks

on the moon.

A gift should express both giver
and recipient.

I don't like rap music
so you won't

get that from me.
You can feel shame for the deeds

of your forebears.
That great-great-someone

who ran the slave auction block
or viperous

Caligula. Not guilt—
the evildoer lives under

that moldy blanket
alone.

But no one can force me
to bear shame

and

take no pride in
my heritage—

that's a unicorn:
also a gift.

PROBLEMATIC

By Earnest Goodman

Adherents of an ardent new belief,
Whose enemies are filled with “rage” and “hate,”
Are reconstructing Earth with one motif,
Where “equal” is more meaningful than “great.”

Who can be tolerated they will judge:
Inclusion for all people but for those
Who rapid change for change’s sake begrudge,
Who that grand narrative dare to oppose.

There can be no too splendid sacrifice
As long as it contributes to the cause;
Naught but capitulation will suffice
Lest one come to believe in nature’s laws.

So offer everything there is to see
To that relentless god Diversity!

INFERNAL

By Earnest Goodman

Intended nobly as a guiding flame,
A candlewick with quiet pride glows bright.
It flickers soft, fulfilling just its aim,
And watchers, most unfazed, ignore its light.

With sudden power, then, the winds of change
(Or exhalations, as the case may be)
Blow hard across the fire, increase its range,
And spread the blaze as far as one can see.

Thus, in a flash, a conflagration roars
And licks across the land in greedy rage,
Consuming all ideas the flame abhors
Till only ash remains to mark the age.

Now ancient ways are black with soot at last,
Forever stained as cinders of the past.

The Return of Ulysses

Charlie Chisholm

Unwelcome guests at their ease
Around my table sit.
They do and get just what they please,
With no intent to quit.

Of justice they have no concern,
As of my death they're sure,
And with no apprehension turn
When I stand in the door.

Home again, with just my life
I'm back from foreign shores;
To find men lusting for my wife,
Who've made my servants whores.

I'll bring all this to a quick end,
But will wait a while yet;
And for now I will pretend
To be to them no threat

In beggar's guise will I feign
That no one will me know,
Until the upper hand I gain
When's passed to me my bow.

Until I stand beside my son,
Myself I'll not declare.
Then they'll pay for what they've done
And not one will I spare.

Instead of fleeing to their boats,
All stayed and at me laughed,
And now the last thing in their throats
Will be my arrow's shaft.

THE NIGHT OF THE BATTLE

Charlie Chisholm

Now as the awful end draws near,
Stand with me and have no fear,
And when comes the dark of night
Side by side with you I'll fight.

I see in your determined face
A true brother of my race,
A race that has long been bred
For sacred soil their blood to shed.

Far it is from being sure
That we two will this night endure,
All I safely can predict
Is what we're dealt, we will inflict.

As soon, from darkness will soon emerge,
And into our homeland will surge
Such demons likely to arise
When a sun and a kingdom dies.

Perhaps it may not be too late
To save our land from a cruel fate,
But come what may our roles we'll fill
And wait here to be killed or kill.

Formerly, in sunny days
None did either of us praise.
Fame or wealth we did not know
Or honors on us were bestowed.

And those that all did admire
To fight with us have no desire.
Those false heroes are all gone
And won't fight with us till dawn.

Those who felt so brave by day
Have with the light all run away,
Leaving you and I my friend
To this dearkened land defend.

But if somehow we do survive,
And we both see dawn alive,
The world will know what can be won
When brothers chose to fight as one.

So, shout a cry and lift your sword,
Together let us meet the hoard!
And back to Hell we will chase
Those who seek to us displace.

Folk Soul

By Edward Martel

See a panorama of our shared cosmic timeless place,
As burning charioteers race across the red-gold horizon of space.
Sun-blazed blades hack shields on the razed night of birth.
Away morn rises from her sacred chamber of blood-rich earth.
All haunted riders cross the sky, Thy sacred hunt upon our eye
From winter's snow-hof hallowed transition into spring, bring--

Bring life fertile ever-after born anew; grew and grew into mighty oaks
Ash and oaks and pines and birch and yew.
Man and Woman of kith both close and far old and new renew
Their fierce inborn spirit of fire Life-desire that they once knew.
Oh sacred sphere hear ye Frau Perchta, hear Holda renew!

Growing Life within lost Worlds fly past and color our deathly hue.
Released bright flying shafts are flying from sinew from sinew,
Where they land within our land fortune lies there too.
What lies within the infinite throng of spring's rushing return?
Singing, singing Life-blood bringing renew Folk, renew Folk, renew!

Creeping willow and grasping grape-vines twirl and wind with fruit,
We bring in the spring, we bring in Life again again.
An open door to parallel moor, ancestors tread in halls of barrow,
Whilst Mīmir speaks, ancestral land seeks hearth and harrow.
Through our dance and our rite of ancient might we knew then
Of symbols learned and meanings burned on hearts and marrow.

Custom remembers winter dismembered and chased away by
Masked men in ash covered skin cloaked in nature's bounty.
Cycles of old still in the fold of our long held memory

From house to house the ancient play, once rite, continues.
Magic there believed affects the earth; her cosmic dance continues.
Harvest time and harvest home, burning bones and bones black burn
Against starswept chilly eve with night's blue sleeve of twinkle-glow.

A unity now is still known or unknown—will unique this space remain?
Sphere of Life and Form and Earth and Spirit and Heart and Water and Grain?
Earth-sprung folk soil soaked sacred churn and return from year to year,
Oh sacred sphere hear ye Norns spinning, hear ye Seer!

Strength and Skill, Heart and till our earth, shaping our space
Waiting with thanks through the nocturnal pass of Yule,
Haunted flights and sights of Perchten past the pass of Yule.
Cosmic-sprung folk star-soaked sacred churn and return from year to year.
One soul-like seal mind-aligned riding a timeless Wheel.

The School of Truth

By Spencer J. Quinn

Originally published at AmRen.com on September 14, 2021

Look out, look out, my precious child
Upon your way to School of Truth.
"What keener way," they said and smiled
"To wean away your precious youth."

The truth they teach has many heads;
They're scaled with justice, each unblind,
Which bind you just like newlyweds
To ancient chains of men unspined.

They say, "White children pose a threat.
You have not yielded perfect form.
You have not learned your history yet.
Your ageless victims linger warm.

"A perfect form? A perfect peach.
A holy vessel never rots.
And now we have you in our reach
Where we can love you into knots.

"Our racial theory cleaves your mind;
For justice deems it just and wise
That you white children know your kind
For only *you* we shall chastise.

"Because you're white, you know your guilt,
from which we sinless are absolved.
And celebrating as you wilt,
Make way, make way! It's been resolved.

"We are, we are the School of Truth!
We are, we are the School of Truth!
Deniers ruined as uncouth
Shall not withstand the School of Truth!"

Look out, look out, my precious child
Upon your way to School of Truth.
Where innocence will be defiled
And savage faces smash your youth.

Grandma Towler's

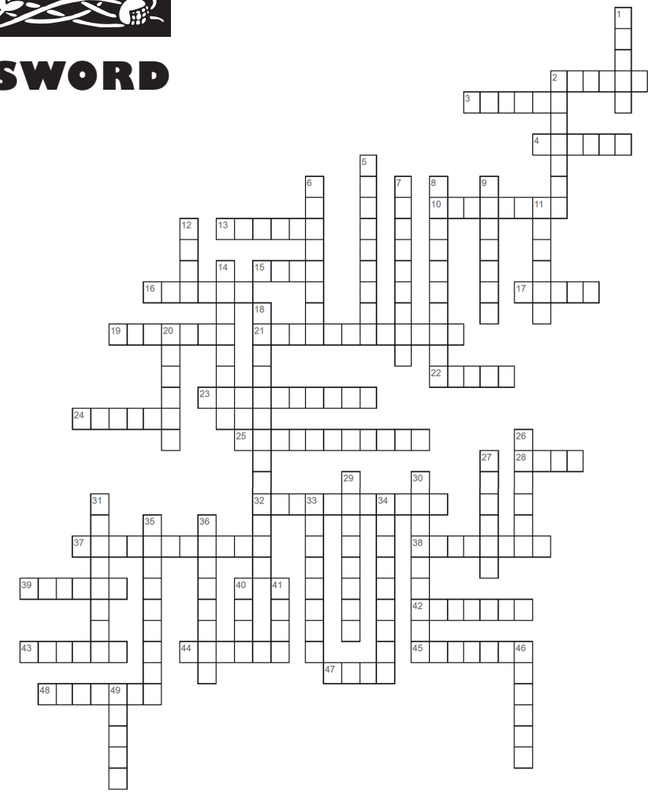
www.grandmatowlers.co.uk

Grandma Towler's is a family-run business run by husband and wife, Sam and Laura, and Laura's grandmother, Grandma Towler. Launched in November 2020, Grandma Towler's provides an alternative for customers who are fed up of brands and products bowing down to woke capital. Today, almost every product—from your ice cream, to your razor, to your bath products, to your tea—has jumped on the bandwagon of empty platitudes. In these times, it is becoming increasingly difficult to make sure that your hard earned cash isn't funding an organisation that runs in opposition to your beliefs.

With so many brands prioritising virtue signalling over the wellbeing and happiness of their customers, we decided we'd had enough. Because if you can't enjoy a hot, tasty beverage in the morning without funding the dismantling of our police and the pulling down of our monuments, then what can you enjoy? And thus, Grandma Towler's was launched. The name was chosen by you—the British public—who decided to name the brand after our founder, Laura Towler's, grandmother. Grandma Towler herself was dead chuffed with the decision!

THE WPQ CROSSWORD

The First and the Worst



Across

2 Hungarian
3 Spy of Moses
4 Limestone building material
10 Cylindrical fruit used as vegetable
13 Sir Richard Francis _____
15 '_____ in the face'
16 'She's about 5'4"'
17 _____ and Joon
19 Egyptian King
21 Stubborn
22 Bellis perennis
23 Study of food and culture
24 '_____ Bells'
25 Insect order of caterpillars, butterflies, and moths
28 North of Arizona
32 Tells the future
37 Social grace from the French
38 Wagnerian opera
39 Northwest Dutch province
42 Singer of 'In Dreams'
43 'Bite the _____'
44 Famous wizard
45 Floors
47 American military prison
48 City in Egypt, Ancient Greece, and Tennessee

Down

1 Sargon of _____
2 Bullfighter
5 Creator of first law code
6 Capital of Australia
7 Lot and his _____
8 Persian Empire
9 Runic alphabet
11 Baby eagle
12 Roman goddess of marriage
14 Husband of Alexandra Feodorovna
18 To die
20 Forest guard
26 Second largest island in Greece
27 Pious bug
29 spending provisions
30 Sandals
31 Collar bone
33 Argumentative fallacy
34 'Good luck!'
35 Herodotus' magnum opus
36 TV character who can get out of any fix
40 Calf meat
41 What locals call 'Vienna'
46 Naptime in Spain
49 'Father of the Symphony'

Answers on page 95

Tips?
Ideas?
Recipes?
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TWPP

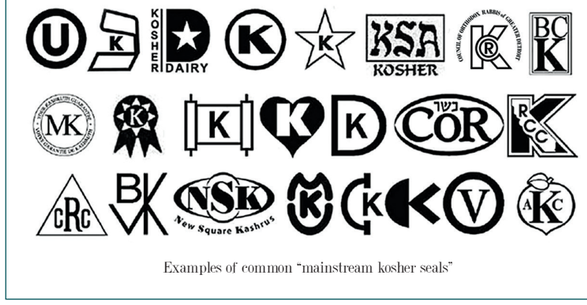
THE DOUBLE STANDARDS OF "KOSHER"

Double standards undermine societal trust, individual and collective liberty, and the fairness of legal outcomes. But if they go unchecked and are allowed to infect national institutions and industries, the resulting corruption may become so rampant and entrenched that rooting it out is seemingly unimaginable.

Inside the Kosher Certification Industry

The KosChertified® Team

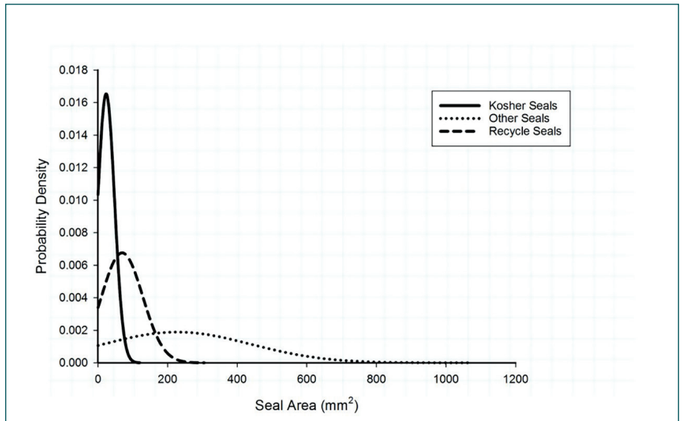
READ MORE:
WWW.MYNKCPRODUCTS.COM
WWW.THEKOSHERQUESTION.COM



Examples of common "mainstream kosher seals"

NOBODY LIKES DOUBLE STANDARDS, except for those who happen to be the beneficiaries of impropriety, have no moral qualms about neglecting social principles, and willingly turn a blind eye to those who do the same. Where double standards are prevalent, they infringe on the good faith of others, the law, and Constitutional freedoms, weakening the bonds of trust that hold society together. When organizations or entire industries enforce such double standards, correcting the misconduct becomes especially challenging. But when you add on top of the equation a powerful religion, which ultimately governs over and makes itself the party determining these inequitable and unfavorable outcomes and practices, relative morality and guilt-free deception become the effective status quo.[1]

A primary example of the results can be found in the food and supermarket industry. Over the past century, a few have recognized the double standards of kosher certification and made attempts to disseminate the information to others. Those of us at KosChertified have forged a path by conducting research and articulating and amplifying dubious schemes largely hidden from consumers deserving of redress, for the purpose of restoring balance and providing due justice for the average American citizen.



From our 2019 research, "A Quantitative Study on Kosher Certification: Seal Visibility and Public Awareness"

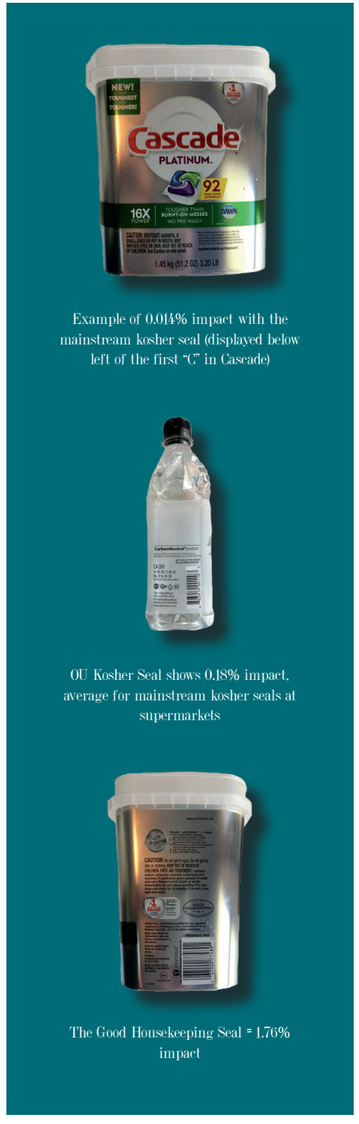
In 2019, KosChertified did a deep dive into the anatomy of kosher seals (Hebrew: "hechshers"), comparing them with other food certification seals, symbols, and labels often found on food packaged food items.[2] The products were chosen at random from various aisles of a major supermarket chain, and the results were astonishing. While the recycle seals alone were on average three times larger than kosher seals, other popular certifications—from non-GMO to vegan, gluten-free and many more—were on average nearly ten times the size of kosher seals. A number of aspects related to visibility were examined, but as shown in the graph below, the standard for kosher seals is markedly distinct. These disproportionalities place puts into question the marketing intent of the kosher certification industry.

The next step of our investigation involved probing the exclusivity of the kosher market, and despite lacking access to a brick-and-mortar kosher market, we were able to find no shortage of online stores featuring the kosher-certified products any observer of Kashrus dietary laws may find themselves reliant upon. This access enabled us to observe the packaging labels of any product, and so we set out to compare kosher seals and other kosher-marketing attributes, found in online kosher markets, to those from the major supermarket chain used in our 2019 study. Would we find additional double standards?

A framework for comparing the two sets of kosher seals and related labeling was termed "impact," wherein the area devoted to kosher seals was divided by the total area of packaging designated for labels. The discrepancy in the surface area ratios, we can only assume, is a marketing decision meant to draw consumer attention away from kosher seals on the kosher market website as they would if purchased from any grocery store. The ratio measured on a

computer screen precludes examination of the physical product, but impact was carefully measured during the process in the 2019 study.

Interestingly, through our analysis of kosher-exclusive markets we found that most individual products displayed multiple kosher seals, a phenomenon unattested in our research of products from ordinary supermarkets. Typically in the case of the former there were two kosher agencies and certifications, and in certain cases three. This discovery of different kosher seals necessitated assigning unique names to make qualified comparisons with the 2019 study. The additional kosher seals were radically different—significantly larger, often with more intricate designs, and always including Hebraic text. As one rabbi disclosed, these were known as "heimishe" kosher seals, and upon further inquiry through email exchanges with major kosher agencies as to the nature of these larger and more elaborate seals, we discovered that "multiple hechsherim (plural of hechsher) is a marketing decision targeting specific [Jewish] communities, especially Charedi (or Haredi) Jews." A rabbi further noted the following: "Kosher certification is a business. Brokers/dealers look for a symbol that consumers will recognize and feel comfortable [with]. There are large populations of folks in Brooklyn who are familiar with certain names and/or symbols that will pay for the privilege of seeing those symbols on foods that they want. Likewise, the sellers realize that some specific symbols are 'eye candy' to the consumers and will pay a licensing fee for use of that symbol." Heimishe conveys that cozy feeling of home, tradition, and familiarity, and it also is found defined as "Haredi Orthodox." In turn, we refer to the heimishe kosher seals below, the variety the general consumer will rarely, if ever, see.



Example of 0.014% impact with the mainstream kosher seal (displayed below left of the first "C" in Cascade)

OU Kosher Seal shows 0.18% impact, average for mainstream kosher seals at supermarkets

The Good Housekeeping Seal = 1.76% impact

> "[W]ith all of the confidentiality agreements, restrictive stipulations, and contracting authority of kosher agencies, food and kitchen products are free to make their kosher seals as large or as small as they wish. . . ."

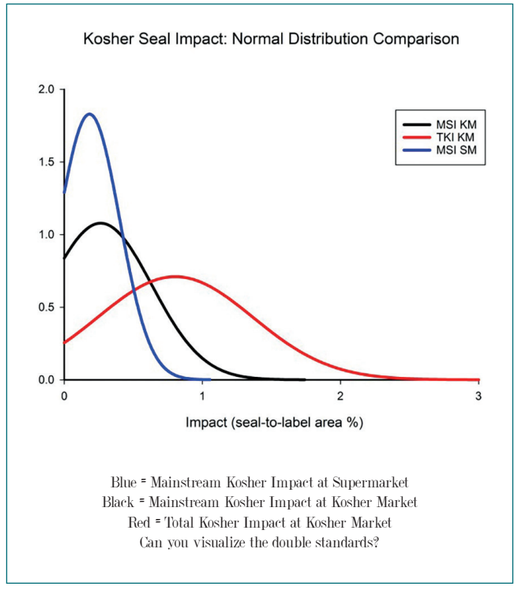
We refer to the smaller hechshers as mainstream kosher seals, as these are the seals you will frequently find Coca-Cola cans, Palmolive dish soap, butter, milk, or food wrap at the supermarket.

Let us return to the marketing impact of these labels. Greater impact infers greater visibility related, perhaps, to marketing intent. One would imagine a seal on a package taking up a quarter of the total label area would catch the attention of the consumer, but this is abnormal for seals and ordinarily reserved for company names, logos, and marketing slogans. See the Cascade Platinum logo, with the white dish plate background and detergent pod below, as it measures roughly 23% impact. As for what is common for certification seals, we shall refer to the results in our 2019 study: our pictures below will give you a good idea of varying impact, from the low end of 0.014% on the Cascade detergent (barely recognizable to the naked eye) to 0.18%, the average for kosher seals in the major supermarket, to higher values of 1.76% and 6.73% for the Good Housekeeping and USDA Certified Biobased Product.

An example of 0.014% impact is found on the mainstream kosher seal (displayed below left of the first "C" in Cascade) OU Kosher Seal shows 0.18% impact, average for mainstream kosher seals at supermarkets. The Good Housekeeping Seal displays a 1.76% impact.

Proceeding to our comparison with the kosher market, while mainstream kosher seals from a major supermarket chain averaged 0.18%, the same type of seals averaged 0.26% at the kosher market, giving them an impact of more than 44%.

Although 0.26% impact was still on the small size, the 44% increase over those products examined from the supermarket gave these mainstream kosher seals just enough edge to begin standing out, justifying its seal as a noticeable marketing device. Here again we find different standards within the kosher industry itself, and the agencies will attribute it to having "no control over the size of the seal." Yes, with all of the confidentiality agreements, restrictive stipulations, and contracting authority of kosher agencies, food and kitchen products are free to make their kosher seals as large or as small as they wish, and it turns out that the true kosher food companies make them stand out 44% more. But there's more . . .



Blue = Mainstream Kosher Impact at Supermarket
Black = Mainstream Kosher Impact at Kosher Market
Red = Total Kosher Impact at Kosher Market
Can you visualize the double standards?

USDA Certified Biobased Product = 6.73% impact because its total side area is smaller than the front face of this Honey Oat Crunch cereal box

Chocolate bar from kosher market has 0.26% impact mainstream kosher seal

The total impact of kosher seals at the kosher market actually equals the cumulative impact of its mainstream plus its heimishe kosher seals, and thirty-eight out of the fifty samples we studied had multiple seals. Hence, we added the sum total area of all kosher seals and divided this by the total label area to give us the total kosher impact (TKI). Our results once again created new marketing standards for the kosher market, which had fourteen out of fifty products yielding TKI values over 1.0%, and an average impact equal to 0.80%. If we compared this impact to product label real estate, we could say that the marketing of kosher goes up

Some of our samples having multiple kosher seals, including the heimishe kosher seals

See upper right corner: multiple kosher seals can add up and build Total Kosher Impact

Heimishe kosher seal on right reads "kosher" in English and Yiddish

Example of a "seal cluster" on sample product from kosher market

Kosher market sample with seal cluster at bottom, including two kosher seals

4.44 times produced for the exclusive kosher market, alternatively representing a 344% marketing increase over product labels found at Krogers, Safeway, Vons, Shop Right, Trader Joes, Costco, or your Piggly Wiggly!

We have arrived at quite another double standard now: one for the over 325 million mostly non-Jewish consumers, ubiquitous but inconspicuous by its systemic lack of transparency; and a statistically significant difference in standards for the orthodox kosher-keeper and his exclusive store, prominent, deeply ethnic, dazzling, and always displaying the text "KOSHER," whether in English, Yiddish, or Hebrew, transparency rarely found with general supermarket products. For those interested, you may find the Yiddish spelling of "kosher" found embedded in the heimishe seals of many of our samples: כשר On the example below, the certification seal on the right displays both English and Yiddish "kosher" together:

More differences in label protocol were found: Most of the kosher market products contained large text blocks like "KOSHER FOR PASSOVER AND ALL YEAR ROUND," or explicit "NOT FOR PASSOVER USE." Also, our 2019 study indicated that the mainstream kosher seals appeared on the front packaging just 70% of the time, whereas at the kosher market it was all the time, 100%. Our Critical Kosher Study further discovered that it was rare to find kosher seals included in a "seal cluster," even when other genuine food certifications were. This was not the case at the kosher market, and we found one product with two kosher seals imbedded in a cluster of ten. Similarly, attribute clusters are often found on labels, displaying a list of textual descriptions that may help sell the product. In our earlier study we never found "KOSHER" or "KOSHER CERTIFIED" listed along with such features as "NON GMO," "GLUTEN FREE," "PRERVATIVE FREE," "DAIRY FREE," "NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORS," "AND DELICIOUS," as one of our 2019 samples displayed. However, it didn't take us long to find "KOSHER" listed along with "NO DAIRY," "NO GLUTEN," "NO NUTS," "VEGAN," "PARVE," and "NO REGRETS" on a chocolate found in our kosher market. Ah, the double standards.

One may rationally inquire why there would be the need for higher impact with kosher seals at a kosher market since everyone shopping there already has been assured that every product on the shelves is kosher certified? Conversely, if as the kosher agencies claim, non-Jewish consumers are seeking out "kosher" for: (1) the perception that it is healthier; or (2)

> "Our Critical Kosher Study further discovered that it was rare to find kosher seals included in a 'seal cluster,' even when other genuine food certifications were. This was not the case at the kosher market, and we found one product with two kosher seals imbedded in a cluster of ten."

having a second set of authoritative eyes on production and ingredients, wouldn't it make sense to have these certification seals standing out to better inform unwitting consumers that their cost for product will include a paid religious intermediary? It's truly baffling, especially since in pitching the benefits of going "kosher" to the food companies, we read from OU Kosher.[3]

Kosher market sample with seal cluster at bottom, including two kosher seals

- The logo has become an increasingly important marketing device
- Certification gives a product a competitive edge that makes it sell faster, thus causing supermarkets to favor brands with [kosher] certification
- A kosher symbol boosts market share
- A kosher product can win more favorable shelf space
- When competing next to a non-kosher brand, a kosher product will do better by 20%

Then why don't more food, food wrap, soap and detergent companies match the marketing impact and transparency found at the kosher market? According to the promotional allegations above, the larger kosher transparency would increase every measure of business success. Instead, double standards have become the norm to keep most general consumers in the dark about kosher, and deceitful actions of this nature might be characterized as fraud by the most awakened supermarket patrons. We believe that schemes like this should be regulated by the Federal Trade Commission under its Fair Packing and Labeling Act, especially when religious freedom and tax-exempt revenue are in play.[4]

Finally, there is the matter of how many, or few, kosher keeping patrons this food industry is bending backwards over to kosher certify their entire line of production. Time and time again we have come across an approximate number of one million strict American observers of Kashrus (the kosher dietary laws of Judaism) who need this as part of their religious faith. This would be like kosherizing most of the entire food supply of a small village for just one orthodox Jew of 350 total residents. While this might seem outrageous, now that we have investigated the differences in the abundant kosher markets available online and in ethnically Jewish communities, it seems that these most adherent kosher keepers, like the orthodox Haredi Jews, frown upon products lacking a heimishe kosher seal! And if so, they likely avoid the major supermarket chains altogether, further diminishing any honest assessment of kosher seeking numbers. While authentic Jewish demographic numbers have always been dubious (just consult Aleksandr Sohltzenitsyn's *Two Hundred Years Together* for affirming this point), we read from the Jerusalem Center for Public Affairs that "Eleven percent of American Jews defined themselves as Orthodox in the 1970 study, or approximately 600,000 people. That figure has remained relatively consistent"[5] (emphasis ours). Therefore, can we reasonably presume that 600,000 out of 1,000,000, or 60% of the strict kosher keepers, are not regular shoppers of the typical goyish supermarket brands of products? Now, this would be like kosherizing most of the entire food supply for just one person of 875 residents in the village. Amazing, but true! This village is your American nation today!

If the observant kosher community views heimishe hechshers as "eye candy," then the small and obscure mainstream kosher seals of our major supermarkets must be serving a different role in our food industry, one of an insidious nature that only Suzanne Bousquet could comprehend (author of *From Kosher to Halal: When Greed, Politics and the Sneaky Destruction of*

Total Kosher Impact taking up label real estate on a butter found in the kosher market

"Kosher Certified" displayed in text: extremely rare on products found at major supermarkets

More kosher market examples

Western Civilization Intertwine). The supporters and apologists will exclaim "It's economy of scale" that permits the large corporations to proceed in such a pro-kosher manner for such a small and questionable market share. But maybe it's something more worrisome that ensures corporate complicity . . . something not for outsiders to know.

We all see how the food industry easily accommodates "fat-free," "sugar-free," "low-sodium," et al. We similarly do not expect any effort to capture the 38% of shoppers desiring no religious intervention with their food production. We will not find a NKC or NOT Kosher Certified product side-by-side with its OU Kosher equivalent any time soon, because it's all about double standards and the veil of secrecy that upholds them.

We hope we've lifted that veil up a bit further with our brief analysis presented herein. □

"We will not find an NKC or NOT Kosher Certified product side-by-side with its OU Kosher equivalent any time soon, because it's all about double standards and the veil of secrecy that upholds them."

For further insight, please visit
www.MyNKCProducts.com

NOTES

1. See the article "Kosher Delusion" at: www.mynkcproducts.com/2021/02/05/kosher-delusion/
2. See "Critical Study on Kosher Seals" at: www.mynkcproducts.com/data-critical-study-on-kosher-seals/
3. www.oukosher.org/kosher-overview/why-go-kosher/
4. Consider why religious organizations are IRS tax-exempt, and why there is no requirement for public disclosure of their financial accounting (a generous privilege). Is one factor that these organizations normally perform financial transactions or perform services within their own congregation or synagogues, whose members can hold them accountable? Not with kosher certification. See: www.ftc.gov/enforcement/rules/rulemaking-regulatory-reform-proceedings/fair-packaging-labeling-act-regulations-0
5. www.jcpa.org/dje/articles2/demographics.htm

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We use natural ingredients to make our artisan soaps
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"Two Races" **Part II**
Rudyard Kipling, 1927

WRITING NEARLY TWO DECADES after the previous poem [page 13], Kipling again takes up the theme of interactions between distinct peoples and again concludes that these experiences are best when they are fleeting. The poem makes clear that differences are much more than skin-deep; the "desires" of the "soul," the "fears" of the "spirit," the "separate fires" of discrete "Heavens," and the "differing years" of particular "dooms" are profound biocultural traits that leave our respective ways of life "sundered at the fountain-head," divergent from the source of life itself. Despite being "worlds apart," the poet harbors no hostility toward the other race but encourages geniality to "bare that larger, liberal heart." The entire fourth stanza lists topics that may even be discussed more freely among strangers than among kith and kin, such as comparing customs "in jest" and confessing "common sins." Nevertheless, these lines are completely parenthetical, as the final stanza reminds the reader that, however "well content" the encounters between distinct peoples may be, they "should be so a moment's space" and are best kept brief. While each new acquaintance may find "the other excellent," he ultimately returns to his own people, where he acutely knows he belongs, and "runs to follow his own race."

By Earnest Goodman

"While each new acquaintance may find "the other excellent," he ultimately returns to his own people, where he acutely knows he belongs. . . ."

I seek not what his soul desires.
He dreads not what my spirit fears.
Our Heavens have shown us separate fires.
Our dooms have dealt us differing years.

Our daysprings and our timeless dead
Ordained for us and still control
Lives sundered at the fountain-head,
And distant, now, as Pole from Pole.

Yet, dwelling thus, these worlds apart,
When we encounter each is free
To bare that larger, liberal heart
Our kin and neighbours seldom see.

(Custom and code compared in jest—
Weakness delivered without shame—
And certain common sins confessed
Which all men know, and none dare blame.)

E'en so it is, and well content
It should be so a moment's space,
Each finds the other excellent,
And—runs to follow his own race!

The Sky Was Blue

By Ger De Wit

The following story by Ger De Wit is from the upcoming book The Last Days of the Old World, organized by the author, featuring a Foreword by Dave Martel of The Bizarchives, and set to be published this spring by The White People's Press.

The old man sat on the same park bench he always did, his angular, Germanic features still strong through mottled and sagging skin, and his bright-topaz eyes, shining still in the meager pre-dawn light, contrasting deeply with his heavy poncho of raw wool and the steaming mate in his hand.

"Good morning!"

He always greeted Jones in passing on his way to the airbase in a heavy English accent that was now perfectly familiar.

"Morning, Karl. The sky is almost blue today, isn't it?" nodding in the direction of the band of light growing in the east.

"That it is, Colonel Jones, that it is."

Words they traded nearly every day as encouragement, understanding how false they were. The reddish fog did seem milder that day, though Jones knew it had to be an illusion. It had become ever worse since the smoke arrived, with the pale fragments of moon crossing the sky like a rose-tinted ribbon in permanent reminder.

"I hear that today is the day, Colonel."

"That it is, Karl, that it is."

"Maybe tomorrow I'll be able to get back to my wheat fields, then."

Little had grown in those latitudes for decades, since shortly after the impact. To the eye the change seemed slight, but the colder weather and diminished sunlight were enough to doom most crops, even when no errant clouds of red smoke were sweeping past like an ethereal plague of locusts, consuming everything in their path. Still, Karl, Jones knew, kept his fields tilled and ready for sowing.

"Maybe."

Jones wasn't very optimistic, and knew that Karl wasn't either. Little they had tried thus far had managed to slow down the advancing smoke, much less reverse it. But nothing had been as extreme as what they were about to try.

"You should have left with the rest, you know."

The town had been emptied of its regular denizens months ago—the smoke had simply gotten too close for comfort. But the previous night, it had gotten perilously closer.

"I've had my amargo in the morning here on this bench since I was a child and the sky was blue, Colonel, and it's not a cursed cloud that will make me leave."

By amargo, he was referring to the infusion of ground-up green leaves he drank from a calabash gourd, a custom that seemed to take hold of everyone who moved to that part of the country. Some of his colleagues were still astounded that Jones had refused to even try it.

"I know, Karl, but I still worry."

"You don't have to, Colonel Jones. Good luck today, I'll say a prayer for you."

Karl, Jones knew, was a Catholic, which to him sounded strange. He was accustomed to associating Germans with Protestantism, but he still didn't know much about the history of those Germans who had colonized the south of Brazil centuries before. Maybe they had been Catholics all along; maybe they converted in the predominantly Catholic country. He had the feeling that this would be his last chance to ask. He didn't.

"Thanks, Karl, we'll need all the prayers we can get."

Jones nodded and walked off, toward the gates of the launch base that had been grafted into the small town. The round-topped mountains were of a hard-blue basalt covered in deep layers of rich topsoil. They were also as old as the ages, and no seismic activity had been detected there since the people became wary to watch for such things. That made the area, according to those in charge, perfect for an underground launch base. It had at first seemed to Jones excessively cautious, but now he knew better.

Jones reached the main gate, no more than a block beyond the small

park, and was quickly waved through to the elevator bunker. With one final pause, a last look at the lightening sky, he stepped in and immediately felt the floor dropping under his feet. The trip down took slightly over a minute before the capsule dropped him off a short stride from the briefing room.

Most of the other pilots were already present, filling the rows of seats in the small arena. A large screen behind the stage depicted a three-dimensional schematic of the Earth, centered on the south pole. Red covered everything up to around the thirty-fifth parallel, following an irregular border. It struck Jones as dangerously close.

General Matthias was at the podium as the last of the pilots followed Jones in.

"Good morning, gentlemen. As you can see," the General tapping the thick line that marked the edge of the cloud on the screen, "the red smoke has expanded an additional few-hundreds kilometers since last evening, furthering the surge that began five days ago."

The pilots, seasoned and trained though they were, took in a collective breath. Everything to their south had been officially evacuated, but many had refused or been unable to leave. The town was supposed to contain exclusively military personnel, yet many of the locals—like Karl—remained.

"Yesterday's assessment holds. Intelligence thinks it has finally completed whatever it is it was doing in Antarctica and decided it's time to advance. Today's mission is confirmed, standard profile. I don't think we need to go over it again. Any questions?"

No one said a word.

"Launch is in half an hour, so get ready."

They all stood and began to exit the briefing room in silence.

"Good luck up there."

The General's voice didn't carry much optimism. Jones had been expecting some banter, a little bragging or friendly jabs, upon the commencement of the live mission, but there was none of the sort. All knew it wasn't going to be simple—they had studied in detail the footage and telemetry data from the lost drones, satellites, and the one manned mission that had been sent to spy on the ongoings over Dome Argus. No one felt like joking.

The smoke had arrived soon after with lunar fragments that killed millions. For months, large red clouds roamed the Earth, destroying crops and forests, killing man and animal alike, and corroding the machines and buildings over which they passed.

His passage through the prep room was swift and quiet, exchanging words only with the orderlies who helped him don his flight suit and those seeking confirmation from the safety checklist. On his way out, they wished him good luck; Jones merely nodded. Pilots exchanged salutes as they boarded the carts that would take them to their launch tubes, and then they were gone. Jones hummed an old song as he sped through the tunnel, reviewing the mission specs in his mind.

At the end of the tunnel he stepped off the cart, and the support team helped him climb into the cockpit. The visible section of his sub-orbital bomber looked like a winged-flat chisel standing on its handle, sleek and jagged, the matte-black paint absorbing even the copious power of the floodlights. The better part of the craft was hidden beneath the blast doors for the time being, serving as a floor, an entryway to the massive rocket that would catapult him to the edges of the atmosphere in barely more than a minute.

"Let's go over the pre-launch checklist."

Jones followed the checklist mechanically, his mind wandering through a past he could scarcely convince himself existed. He was too young to have seen blue skies, and the idea still felt unreal to him. When he was born the moon had already disintegrated—exploding in slow motion as mankind watched in catatonic disbelief.

The smoke had arrived soon after with lunar fragments that killed millions. For months, large red clouds roamed the Earth, destroying crops and forests, killing man and animal alike, and corroding the machines and buildings over which they passed. Panic killed millions more, but true horror set in when the clouds began to move against all winds and coalesce near the South Pole—then, it became impossible to deny its intelligence. That had been his world. Absent from every childhood memory of Jones was a moon and sky, things previously taken for granted, things that were just there, things he had never seen.

"All set, Colonel, launch is in ten minutes. Good luck and hit that thing hard for us."

The leader of the support team gave him an enthusiastic thumbs up.

"Will do, Sergeant. We'll hit it right in the mouth—nuke it."

The Sergeant laughed, saluted, and was off, the armored hatch that sealed off the tunnel through which they all had arrived closing behind him just as the thick blast doors that made up the floor began to slide away. Ahead of him the tunnel continued for what seemed like miles, faint stars glittering in the maroon circle of sky at its end. Straining to look back he glimpsed the missile that would shoot him away, sinister in the dim light of the silo, the shaft a gargantuan arrow and his bomber a nuclear arrowhead.

He tried to smile, feeling a bit of the Sergeant's enthusiasm seeping into him.

"Five minutes to go, global synchronization confirmed," said a voice from mission control. The countdown continued on the center screen on his console—the same numbers flashing through forty-nine other cockpits on this base and fifty more in Australia. He wished time would speed up in a flash of eagerness, envisioning himself far away from the rock and metal he was buried in and overcoming the sullen mood that appeared to have affected everyone on base.

The clock ticked down.

"Thirty seconds."

Barrels of light rolled through the bottom of the well—the ignition flame activating—as Jones withdrew his attention from the final countdown, the pressure tightening, bolted into his seat, watching the circle of sky growing rapidly until an inferno blew past the canopy, and then at once he was out with a kick and rising. The sky became blacker and the stars became brighter while reports from the command center streamed in through the radio.

With a clang the rocket was gone, his bird was free, just as the day's first rays of sunlight reached him. Argentina disappeared below once beyond the titanic clouds of dense smoke ringing the surface, the Earth's bleeding wounds, like tentacles of a lovecraftian beast gripping the world and becoming larger and more numerous as he sped toward the ever-shifting horizon ahead, a crimson glow seemingly eternal above their dwindling planet.

Jones could now make out what looked like a violent sandstorm, the source from which the glow was emanating.

"Your distraction is arriving, boys, prepare to engage the boosters."

Jones checked the central screen where myriad arrows were converging on the South Pole—one large group

Mutating, the ones left behind being reabsorbed by the mass below and countless more forming ahead: a pulsating web spun of lightning by an astral spider to catch supersonic flies.

arrayed from the South American side and a mirror image of that on the Australian side, along with several smaller formations coming in from above on all sides, well ahead of the bomber waves. The largest live ICBM launch in history, and it was the distraction.

He checked the position of the nearest missile swarm on radar then searched for it in the sky. In the corner of his visor he spotted them, up and to his left, moving in considerably faster than he was.

"They'll cross the estimated reaction threshold in five seconds."

On cue, the cloud awoke, the scarlet-hued-sandstorm wall receded as if in breath, and a red colonnade rose at what felt like an impossible speed, sprouting branches as it grew as if a forest of dead trees, multi-fingered-skeletal hands reaching for the incoming missiles, their long shadows stretching far to the west. The first blinked out, then the second, then they started vanishing too fast for Jones to count. Two managed to get through, though, and split into twenty independent warheads as their limited evasion systems did whatever possible to thwart counterattacks through graceful, diverging arcs. New branches of red smoke coalesced around the nearest pillar to intercept them.

Jones had limited time to react, but with the signal flipped the switch to activate the booster rockets built into his bomber before being crushed against the back of his seat. His focus back and ahead, Jones honed in on the red sandstorm now, it seemed, receding. Receding more, splitting, canyon-sized voids opening within it as it rose to beat back the incoming nuclear bombardment.

"Daniels, you and Jürgen are coming with me, we're hitting that opening on the right. Luc and Sergey, follow the path of the second one."

A sequence of "rogers" arrived in suit, and the hypersonic bombers regrouped and aligned their trajectories, the single delta formation diverging into two echelons. Jones could see something stirring from behind the moving clouds. Inspecting the re-entry vehicles closer, in his sight was a labyrinthine mass of tendrils covering the sky miles above, sweeping through it as the remaining warheads streaked toward their targets. To both his left and right, his visor highlighted the other squadrons adjusting course.

A flash.

The active glass coating his cockpit windows and visor saved him by design from being rendered blind, but he still had to snap himself out of it. He held off, thinking the missiles wouldn't get through. The barrier walls of the smoky mesa shifted again, and Jones sensed it recoiling.

"Good luck, boys!"

He held it in as they crossed through the wall—the limit at which the cloud would normally react to intruders—and for a few seconds nothing happened. The last of the rust-coated Antarctic ice he was catching rare glances of vanished beneath the auburn cloud cover. When the boosters ran out, Jones maneuvered and followed the gash in the red storm, keeping his distance from the menacing swirls insofar as possible.

Then all hell broke loose.

Tendrils of red smoke exploded from the cloud below, the undergrowth of the forest that had risen to stop the missiles and just now beginning to recede. Jones swerved right to avoid one positioning itself in his path then broke left to evade another that rose to lash at him, the filament hanging free in the air for a moment as if negotiating their course of action. Mutating, the ones left behind being reabsorbed by the mass below and countless more forming ahead: a pulsating web spun of lightning by an astral spider to catch supersonic flies.

"It's getting smarter."

Jürgen dove for an opening in the canyon below while Jones and Daniels climbed the air and juked to elude the closing trap. But Jones could see new layers forming ahead, and the blips of bombers from other wings were winking out on his display.

"This won't work, guys. Daniels, Jürgen, Luc—fan out, maybe it'll draw some of it away."

Three acknowledgments were returned, then—

"Why such hate?"

It didn't come from the radio, the words—metallic, scratching in his mind—as if imagined. Instead of formulating a response, he focused back on flying his machine.

"Why such blind destruction?"

No sooner was the network of smoke filaments thinning out in front of him when he noticed the mass gathering behind him and waves rising from the clouds below, forming the foothills of a mountain towering upward. It was switching tactics again. Jones checked his display, relieved his entire squadron was still in the fight.

"Sergey, take position on my left. Everyone else, nukes on that thing right behind us, and aim high—*now!*"

He tracked the arrows of incoming missiles while the buildup swarmed in behind himself and Sergey. The target marking the detonation point was ahead of their current position, eighteen arrows approaching.

"You don't have to do this."

The arrows began blinking out, but not fast enough. A few would make it. Holding a moment more. . . .

"Sergey, dive!"

Both bombers pulled, entering a full-power dive, Jones' cockpit rattling as atmospheric density magnified the pressure.

"We only seek refuge."

A fireball behind him expanded with the combustion. They were miles away and far below the nucleus of the blast, but the shockwave caught up and sent Jones spiraling wildly and caused him to lose control. He had almost recovered when the second blast came quaking through the atmosphere, but amid the chaos he smiled, seeing the structure of the clouds evaporating in the explosion.

Finally gaining control miles down, it became evident that his radio was out and Sergey was nowhere to be seen. Clouds, a burgundy in haze, thick as red wine, flanked him, their motion purposeful, slow but with guiding acceleration, the cumulus hulk blocking his path. Jones pulled up and climbed higher, but followed the trench circling the anvil-shaped cloud and didn't attempt to flee.

Then, in a blink, he was liberated from the maze of plum-blurred clouds and in the eye of a raving hurricane,yet the sky clear. Dome Argus sprawled below, but without the ice that once defined above all else the frozen continent. A city, carved from rose-red ruby, stood in its stead—fanged spires and jewels the size of castles, silver-lined crossways and avenues—with lavender-wisped vapors rising like chimney smoke throughout. Clusters of dust-filled craters in the distance at ten o'clock marked where an ICBM had hit.

Jones tapped his tactical display until a pulsing message informed him that the downlink was offline. Dominating the vew ahead was a dome, rising from the center of a still-taller series of star-shaped walls. From his remote position—they appeared to be miles high and imposing in stature, while visible beyond were mushroom clouds, dissipating. At least one squadron from Australia had made it that far.

"Can't you feel our beauty?"

Jones didn't know why, but, abruptly, he could. A shiver ran up his spine and tears gathered in his eyes. He shook his head and checked his six—tentacles sprouting from the edge of the storm behind—moving in fast and aiming for the dome.

Jones spurred the ship into ascent.

"Isn't it worth preserving?"

Maybe it is, his inner voice said. Maybe I should report back and see what mission control decides. His gaze lingered on the gem-cut dome in admiration of its

soft-glimmered glow, its vivid facade, its earth-felt rhythmic beat.

Do I have the right to destroy such a thing?

He shook his head again.

He recalled his walk to the base that morning. How many hours ago was that? Old Karl might still be there, cold gourd in hand, empty thermos by his side, eyes like alpine pools fixed on the southern horizon for any sign to sow again his finely plowed fields forevermore. Perhaps he was praying.

Yes.

Jones caught himself in a turn, punched his fists into his helmet to awake from this nonsense, and realigned his flight path. He couldn't help but look again at the dome, but this time he could see the mess of alien intestines underneath the sparkling exterior, the blood-oiled organs inside heaving and flexing and slushing in congealed blood. Jones set the targeting data for the missiles, opened the bomb bay doors, flipped up the cover on his launch key, and waited.

"Your senses trick you."

Doubt rushed through him, this time more powerful than before, but now he could handle it. That won't work again, he thought back, unflinchingly. When the limbs of smoke pursuing him were within reach of the rudders of his bomber he flipped over, peaked tight into a high-G barrel roll, and fired. Six missiles dropped in a helix and ignited, adjusting course downward. The tentacles split to follow them, and Jones continued his ascent—high over the dome.

The missiles were fast, but the smoke was closing in. The first was overtaken, winked out and dropping lifelessly from the sky. Then the second. Jones smiled. Those wouldn't be harmless. After taking down the first two missiles, the branches of the hypersonic tangle of vines chased the remaining volley knifing through wind as Jones pushed higher, engines gyrating in full force past their limits. They wouldn't last much longer.

Another missile went down, then the rockets on the remaining three shut off at once. He had reached the altitude he wanted when the tentacled cloud turned its attention back to him. Before it could move, however, far below, six nuclear eruptions in short intervals flattened wide sections of the city as the missiles reached their programmed altitudes.

"You will not survive."

Jones didn't care. He opened the bomb bay doors again, double-checked the trajectory, and fired again. His pursuers jerked immediately, following the hefty bunker-buster bomb as it fell. This one would have no engine for the corrosive smoke to disable, and the particles couldn't breach the hardened casing in time. An empty desperation washed over Jones, his chest out scooped out of emotion. Reveling in it.

"Neither will you."

The engines gave out, sending Jones into parabolic trajectory earthward. But his mind was on the bomb: now enveloped within the fog-thick and living red cloud, descending precipitously toward the dome. The cloud hovered over the top of the dome. A delay, followed by a mad rush inside, the world's largest vacuum cleaner switched on, but the bomb had made it through.

Here, Jones realized that the might of the hurricane around him had diminished drastically; it was all that remained of the continent-sized cloud rushing in at once, but the hour had come, and a light-struck instant the dome was gone, leaving only a pillar of fire that mushroomed out and dissipated into the sky. The shockwave tore through the structures surrounding it, toppling spires and shattering jewel-encrusted buildings that shed their scales, exposing the coils of innards within before burning to ash.

Seconds later the shockwave reached Jones, throwing his bomber into another tumble.

"Dammit, two nuke blasts in a single day."

He wouldn't recover from this one, not without thrust. Waiting until the cockpit was as vertical as it could get, he ejected, closing his eyes until his seat stabilized under the collection of parachutes. The suffering and emptiness lodged in his chest was gone. He surveyed the destruction below, internally taunting the alien intelligence that had killed so many and done its damnedest to get him, but no reply came, no question formed by itself using his own thoughts. The cylinders of smoke that remained coagulated and fell like rain.

He didn't know if he would survive his landing; he didn't know if there wasn't something alive and angry down there among the ruins; he didn't know if his emergency beacon was working; and he didn't know if anyone would bother looking for one. But he didn't care. He looked at the horizon, above which the sun flared with fire stronger than ever and unopposed. The sky—

The sky was blue. □

Ger De Wit is an old-time sci-fi fan and first time writer from Brazil. His first hand observation of the attacks against the European people and their culture and traditions in their ancestral homelands led him to the conviction that new, explicitly pro-White institutions are needed.

@rdrg

The Night Voyage
India ink on watercolor paper, 10”×15”
Herrmann Radwulf
2019

@herrmannradwulf

FOR THE BOLD AND THE PROUD

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WHITE LIVES MATTER

By Dionysos Andronis

Greg Johnson
White Nationalist Manifesto
Akribeia Editions
London, 2021

Behind the new French edition of the *White Nationalist Manifesto* by Greg Johnson, the American Editor-in-Chief of Counter-Currents.com, we discover once again a book distributed by Jean Plantin's obscure publishing house, Akribeia. This mysterious publisher, under the imprint White Revolution Books, has minimal presence on the web, and the reason is clear: because their works walk a thin line in opposition to French legal statutes, and are considered dangerous to French readers. In addition to his writings, Johnson moonlights as a film critic, offering a nationalist point of view under the pseudonym Trevor Lynch, and is the official archivist of Savitri Devi.

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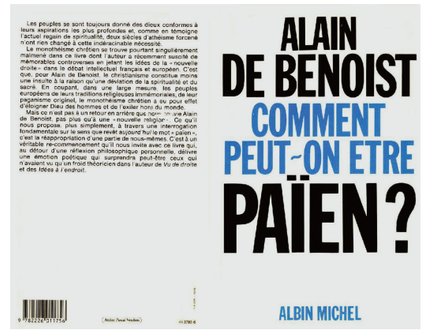
We are first obliged to note the absurd argument on pages 23–24:

> For the existing white population to reproduce itself, each couple must average 2.1 children—2 children to replace themselves, and .1 to replace the race by taking up the slack of those who fail to reproduce at all.

Overall, humor is spared as much as alarm is raised in Johnson's book to underscore the seriousness of the subject: the replacement of White people, a process currently underway, and a variety of detailed solutions to counteract it.

We wrote a previous article on the 2013 work *New Right vs. Old Right* by Johnson, who remains one of our favorite essayists, though in drafting his interpretation of the "New Right," Johnson is building on the work of French philosopher, neo-pagan advocate, and the founding figure of the *la Nouvelle Droite,* Alain de Benoist: Johnson's thought appears aligned with de Benoist's commentary in his 1981 book *Comment peut-on être païen?* (*On Being a Pagan*), noting that "the downfall of Christendom and the rise of a new hegemonic value system, liberalism" (op.cit. pp. 70). In direct reference to de Benoist, Johnson states:



> [A] large number of people have been convinced that it would not be tragic for white people to go extinct because of the terrible things white people have done throughout history. . . . White guilt is the root cause of white self-loathing, which in extreme cases leads to feeling that it would be no great tragedy if the white race simply ceased to exist. . . . [A]s Alain de Benoist pointed out, appeals to white guilt are almost always part of a moral swindle, in which people who have not actually suffered anything demand atonement, money, and privileges from people who have not actually wronged them (op.cit. pp. 41).

Ethnonationalism is not an original solution, and South African Arthur Kemp (not cited by Johnson) devoted a work to the subject with his 2012 book *Folk and Nation: Ethonationalism Explained* (the French edition of which was released by Akribeia Editions as well in 2016). But it is permissible to say that Johnson's work is a useful companion for those who realize that we are becoming an endangered species, and seek to meditate on the long-term ends of our collective efforts. □

The Magic of Hans Christian Andersen and "The Tinderbox"

Denmark's Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875) is one of the few individuals who exist in a realm of their own within the fairy tale genre, and deservedly so, as he is unmatched as a storyteller. Known best for "The Ugly Duckling," "The Emperor's New Clothes," "The Little Mermaid," and "The Snow Queen," Andersen's dazzling range extends far beyond these few works. During research for the book *50 Classic Tales: The Western Folk and Fairy Tale Tradition*, a rather surprising discovery came with the realization that the foreign fairy tale gatekeepers of today are seemingly threatened little by the Grimm Brothers, unambiguously associated with the rise of German nationalism, but mortally terrified of Hans Christian Andersen.

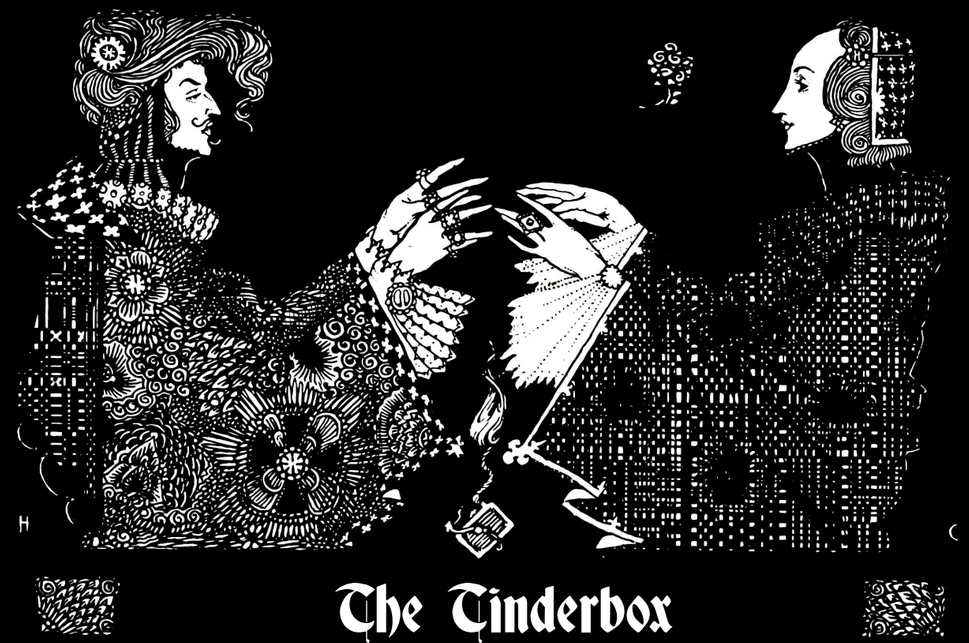
The two most widely cited and promoted currently living Western folklorists are Jack Zipes (1937–) and Maria Tatar (1945–), whose antipathy toward Andersen is jarring. Zipes believes Andersen's "schizophrenic existence" was "haunted by . . . insanity" and "psychic disturbances," Tatar likewise claims that there were "demons haunting his imagination," others such as the *Financial Times'* Chief Art Critic Jackie Wullschlager routinely chime in about his "fear of madness" and point to his "dark side," and all perpetuate a rumor with no evidence that Andersen was a homosexual. Hans Christian Andersen was a hugely famous public personality, and a children's author who never pretended to be otherwise, so why is this long-deceased writer the subject of such bizarre and hostile psychoanalyses?

There is nothing inherently threatening or even "dark" in Andersen's stories, but he is resolutely moral in a way that conflicts with modern values, is not afraid to push that morality, and is highly effective at implanting it in rich narratives the reader will never forget. This morality is an unmistakably nineteenth century Christian morality, but it is never lewd or profane or designed to leave a negative impression, and the stories that are labeled "dark" are still deliberately intended to ingrain moral values in the reader. However, one story is often referenced by the foreign fairy tale gatekeepers, and thoroughly represents why Andersen is perceived as a threat: the kaleidoscopic masterpiece "The Tinderbox."

As online comments about "The Tinderbox" will confirm, the story leaves an impression that never goes away. These memories stem primarily from the dogs with "eyes as large as teacups," but in the underlying context, the dogs are servants of a confident and mysterious strongman-central character, known simply as "the Soldier," who leads the story to its revolutionary and establishment-toppling ending. The Soldier may not be moral, but he isn't much of anything else, either; an exiled warrior, crafty, steady, and cool at all times, who stumbles into magic and fortune and uses it to live how he wants, strives for the best, desires what others say is unobtainable, and takes it and the entire kingdom through wizardry and raw willpower.

In "The Tinderbox" we find the most savvy craftwork of Hans Christian Andersen. While a child may only remember the dogs with big eyes, they know them from a story in which those dogs are the guardians of a man without a nation, who is fearless and assertive and ultimately makes one his own.

—Tony Vermont
Editor in Chief



The Tinderbox

Illustrations by Harry Clarke (1916), Hans Tegner (1900), and Kay Nielsen (1924)

A soldier came marching along the high road: "Left, right—left, right." He had his knapsack on his back and a sword at his side, and had been to the wars but was now returning home. As he walked on, he met a monstrous-looking old witch on the road, whose lower lip hung down to her chest.

She stopped him and said, "Good evening, soldier. You have a very fine sword and a large knapsack, so you must be a real soldier, in which case you shall have as much money as you could ever need."

"Thank you, old witch."

"Do you see that large tree," the witch said, pointing to a tree that stood beside them. "It is hollow inside, and you must climb to the top until you see a hole. You must lower yourself down into the tree, but I will tie a rope round your body so that I can pull you up when you call out."

"And what am I to do down in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Get your money," she replied. "When you reach the bottom, you will find yourself in a large hall, lit by three-hundred lamps. You will then see three doors, which you will be able to open, for the keys are in the locks. Upon entering the first chamber, you will see a large chest in the middle of the floor, and upon it a dog seated, with a pair of eyes as large as teacups. But you need not be afraid of him. I will give you my blue-checkered apron, which you must spread on the floor and then boldly seize the dog and place him upon it. You can then open the chest, and take from it as much money as you please, they are only copper pieces, but if you would rather have silver, you must go into the second chamber. There you will find another dog, with eyes as big as mill wheels, but do not let him trouble you. Place him on my apron and then take however much money you please. If, however, you prefer gold, enter the third chamber, where there is chest full of it. The dog in the third room is dreadful, and has eyes as big as towers, but do not mind him. If he also is placed on my apron, he will not hurt you, and you may take from the chest as much gold you wish."

"This sounds like a good deal for," said the soldier, "but what do you get out of it, old witch? You don't mean to tell me this is all for my benefit, do you?"

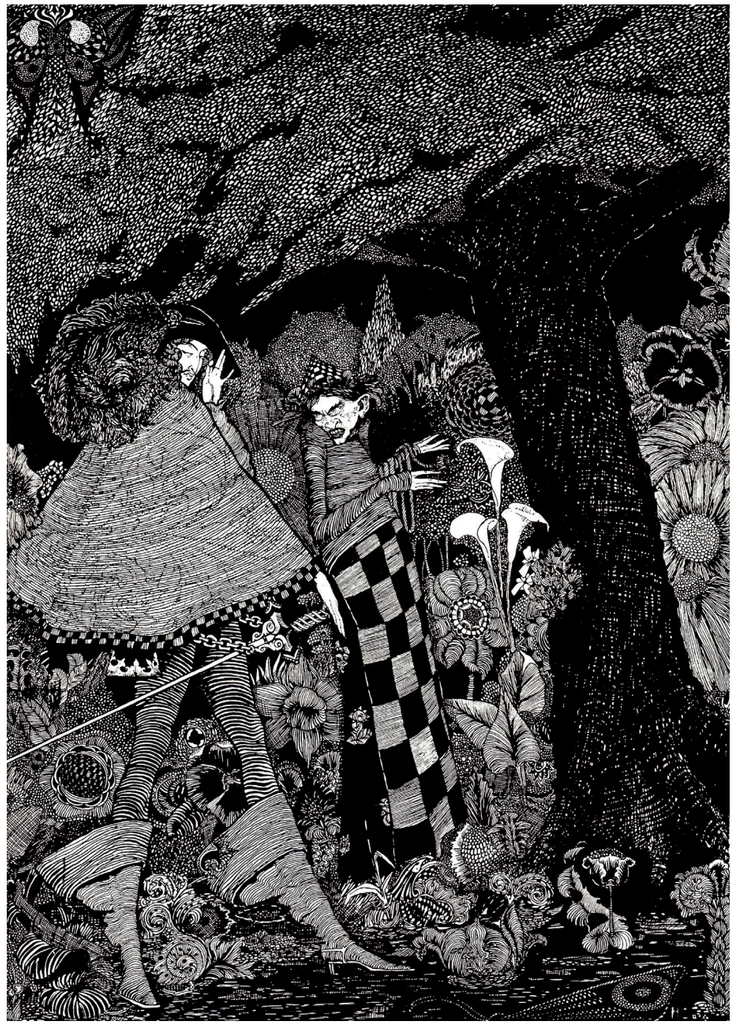
"No," said the witch, "but I do not want a single penny. Your only obligation is to bring me an old tinderbox, which my grandmother left the last time she went down there."

"Very well, then, I promise. Now tie the rope round my body."

"On entering the first of the chambers, to which these doors lead, you will see a large chest, standing in the middle of the floor, and upon it a dog seated, with a pair of eyes as large as teacups. . . ."

"Here it is," the witch replied, "and here is my blue-checkered apron."

As soon as the rope was tied, the soldier climbed up the tree and let himself down through the hollow to the floor, where he found, as the witch had told him, a large hall, in which several hundred lamps were burning. He opened the first door, and—*"Ah!"* there sat the dog with the eyes as large as teacups, staring at him.



"You're a handsome fellow," the soldier said, seizing him, and placing him on the witch's apron while he filled his pockets from the chest with as much money as they would hold. He then closed the lid, placed the dog back upon it, and walked into the second chamber. Sure enough, there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill wheels.

"Don't look at me like that," the soldier said. "You'll make your eyes water." He laid down the apron and placed the dog on it then opened the chest. When he saw how much silver it contained, he quickly dumped the copper he was carrying and filled his pockets and knapsack only silver.

Then he went into the third room, and there found the hideous-looking dog whose eyes were, truly, as big as towers, and they turned around and around in his head like wheels.

"Good morning," said the soldier, touching his cap, for he had never seen such a dog in his life. But after giving him a closer look, he seemed civil enough, so the soldier placed him on the floor, and opened the chest. Good lord what an enormous quantity of gold there was—enough to buy all the sugar sticks and sweet gifts women like, all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking horses in the world, or even the whole town itself—there was that much inside. The soldier now dumped the silver he had taken and filled his pockets and knapsack with gold instead. And not just his pockets and his knapsack, but his cap and boots as well, so that he could barely walk.

He was now rich beyond belief, so he placed the dog back on the chest, closed the lid, and called up through the tree, "Now pull me out, you old witch."

"Did you get the tinderbox?" she asked.

"No, I'm afraid I forgot."

He went back and fetched the

tinderbox, and then the witch pulled him up out of the tree. There he stood again on the high road, with his pockets, his knapsack, his cap, and his boots full of gold.

"What are you going to do with the tinderbox?" the soldier asked.

"That is not your concern," replied the witch. "You have the money, now give me the tinderbox."

"I'll tell you what," said the soldier, "if you don't tell me what you are going to do with it, I will draw my sword and cut off your head."

"No!" cried the witch.

But the soldier immediately drew his sword and cut off her head. There she lay on the ground, lifeless and headless. He proceeded to tie up his money in her apron, then slung it on over back, put the tinderbox in his pocket, and walked off to the nearest town. It was a nice town, and he set up at the best inn and ordered a lavish dinner with all of his favorite dishes, for he was now rich.

The servant who cleaned his boots thought them a rather shabby pair to be worn by such a wealthy gentleman, but he had simply not had time to purchase new ones. The next day, however, he took care of that, and procured some fine clothes and a proper pair of boots, transforming himself from a soldier into an upscale gentleman. Others noticed and visited him to curry favor, telling him about the many wonders of the town, and also about the King's beautiful daughter, the princess.

"Where can I find her?" asked the soldier.

"She is not to be seen at all," they said. "She lives in a large copper castle surrounded by walls and towers. No one but the King himself can pass in or out, for there has been a prophecy that she will marry a common soldier, and the King cannot bear the thought of her marrying such a man."

I would very much like to meet her, thought the soldier, but at present it didn't seem like an option. Nevertheless, he passed the time with great enjoyment, going to the theatre, riding through the King's garden, and giving a great deal of money to the poor, which made him feel good, since he remembered how it felt to not have a shilling to one's name. Now he was rich, had fine clothes and many friends, who all declared him to be a fine fellow and a true gentleman, which satisfied him immensely.

Now he was rich, had fine clothes and many friends, who all declared him to be a fine fellow and a true gentleman, which satisfied him immensely.

However, his money would not last forever, and as he spent and gave away large amounts of it daily while receiving none, he eventually found himself with only two shillings left, so he was forced to leave his elegant room at the inn and move into a small studio

in an attic, where he had to clean his own boots and even mend them with a large needle. None of his friends came to see him anymore since there were too many stairs to climb. One dark evening, he didn't even a penny left to buy a candle, then he suddenly remembered that there was a piece of a candle in the dead witch's tinderbox he'd taken from the tree.

He dug the tinderbox out of his knapsack, but no sooner had sparks been struck from the flint and steel than the door flew open and the dog with eyes as big as teacups, from inside the tree, stood before him, and said, "What orders, master?"

"Hello," the soldier said. "Well, this tinderbox is quite useful if it grants me all I wish for. . . . How about you bring me some money," he said to the dog.

The dog turned and left, then returned shortly after with a large bag of coppers in his month. The soldier then realized the value of the tinderbox. If he struck the flint once, the dog who sat on the chest of copper appeared; if he struck it twice, the dog came who sat on the chest of silver did; and if he struck it three times, the dog with eyes like towers, who watched over the gold, came to his assistance. The soldier now plenty of money again, so he returned to his elegant living quarters and luxurious lifestyle, and renewed his previous friendships.

As time went on, he began to think how strange it was that no one could get a look at the princess. Everyone said she was beautiful, but what good was that if she was shut up in a copper castle surrounded by towers. How could he find a way see her. . . . Wait—*where is my tinderbox?* He struck a light, and in an instant he dog with eyes as big as teacups stood before him.

"It is midnight," said the soldier, "yet I would very much like to see the princess, if only for a moment."

The dog disappeared, and before the soldier could even give himself a look in the mirror, had returned with the princess. She was lying on the dog's back asleep, and looked so lovely that there could be no doubt that she was the real princess. The soldier could not stop himself from kissing her, being the soldier at heart he was, but then the dog took the princess back.

The next morning, while eating breakfast with the King and Queen, the princess told them about the strange dream she had during the night, involving a dog and a soldier, and how she had ridden on the dog's back and been kissed by the soldier.

"That is a strange story, indeed," the Queen said.

That night one of the old ladies of the Court was ordered to watch the princess's bed to see whether what she experienced was really was a dream, or perhaps something else.

The soldier longed very much to see the princess once more, so he again sent for the dog that night to fetch her, and to run with her as fast as he could. The dog got the princess, but the old lady put on water boots and ran after them as quickly as she could, and watched as the dog carried her into a large house. She made a large cross on the door, thinking it would help her remember the place, then she went home to bed. The dog left to return the princess shortly after, but

when he saw the cross on the door of the house where the soldier lived, he took another piece of chalk and made crosses on every door in the town so the lady-in-waiting wouldn't be able to find it.

Early the next morning the King and Queen accompanied the lady and all of the officers of the household out to see where the princess had been.

"Here it is," said the King when they came to the first door with a cross on it.

"No, my dear," said the Queen, "it must be that one," pointing to a second door with a cross on it.

"There's also one over there" . . . "And there's another one beside it, too!" they exclaimed upon seeing that there were crosses on doors in every direction.

It seemed useless to continue the search, but the Queen was a clever woman who could do a lot more than merely ride in a carriage. When she returned home, she took her large gold scissors, cut a piece of silk into squares, and made a small bag. She filled the bag with flour and tied it around the princess' neck that night, then cut a small hole in the bag so the flour would leave a trail as the princess was dragged along.

During the night, the dog came again and carried the princess on his back to the soldier, who now loved her deeply and wished he was a prince so he could take her for a wife. The dog did not notice the flour filtering out of the bag the whole way from the castle to the soldier's house and even up to the window, where he had climbed with the princess. Thus, the next morning, the King and Queen were able to follow the trail and find out where their daughter had been.

The soldier was put in prison. How dark and unsettling it was to sit there and have people say to him, "Tomorrow you will be hanged." Far from pleasant news, and he had left the tinderbox at the inn. In the morning he could see through the iron grating of the little window how the people of the town were gathering to see him hanged. He

The soldier was put in prison. How dark and unsettling it was to sit there and have people say to him, "Tomorrow you will be hanged."

heard the drums beating and saw the soldiers marching. Many wandered up to look at him, and a shoemaker's boy, with a leather apron and boots on, ran by so fast that one of his boots flew off and struck against the wall at which the soldier stood, looking through the iron grating. "Shoemaker's boy, you needn't be in such a hurry," yelled the soldier, grabbing his attention. "There will be nothing to see until I come out. But if you run to the house where I have been living and bring me my tinderbox, I'll give you four shillings—though only if you run faster than the wind."

The shoemaker's boy wanted the four shillings, so he took off fast, fetched the tinderbox, and gave it to the soldier. Outside of town, a large gibbet cage had been erected, around which stood soldiers and several thousands of people. The King and the Queen sat on splendid thrones opposite the judges and council. The soldier had been brought to the ladder, but as they were about to place the rope around his neck, he said that an innocent request was often granted to a poor criminal before death. He wished very much to smoke a pipe, as it would be the last pipe he should ever smoke. The King could not refuse this request, so the soldier took the tinderbox out and struck fire, once, twice, thrice—and suddenly out of nowhere stood the dogs—the one with eyes as big as teacups, the one with eyes as large as mill wheels, and the third whose eyes were like towers. "Help me now, so that I may not be hanged," the soldier called to them.

The dogs turned and sprinted toward the judges and the councilors, seizing one by the legs and another by the face and tossing them many feet high in the air, so that when they fell they were rendered crippled or dead.

"Do not even think of touching me," said the King right before the largest dog locked both he and the Queen in its jaws, knarled them to pieces, and threw them into the pile with the others. The soldiers and attendees were so afraid, they cried, "Good soldier—there will be no hanging—you shall be our king, and you shall marry the beautiful princess."

Thereafter the soldier was escorted to the King's carriage, and the three dogs ran ahead in front and cried *"Woof!"* while the young boys whistled through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms. The princess came out of the copper castle, and was anointed Queen, which excited her greatly. The wedding festivities lasted a week, and the dogs sat at the table the entire time, staring. □

> **“Kipling’s warning of a time when ‘our women had no more children and the men lost reason and faith’ seems especially prescient today. . . .”**

“The Gods of the Copybook Headings” Rudyard Kipling, 1919

Part III

Copybooks were compilations of models of penmanship, many of which were proverbs or maxims that students in Rudyard Kipling’s day had to copy repeatedly, thereby improving their handwriting while learning fundamental values. Kipling contrasts the time-honored but unfashionable wisdom of the titular Gods of the Copybook Headings with the trendy but ultimately naive ideas of the Gods of the Market Place, representative of the public figures and attitudes toward which societies turn when they have lost touch with the natural order. What may initially seem like a mishmash of truisms and obscure geological terms is in fact a scathing rebuke of the “smooth-tongued wizards” behind “Social Progress.”

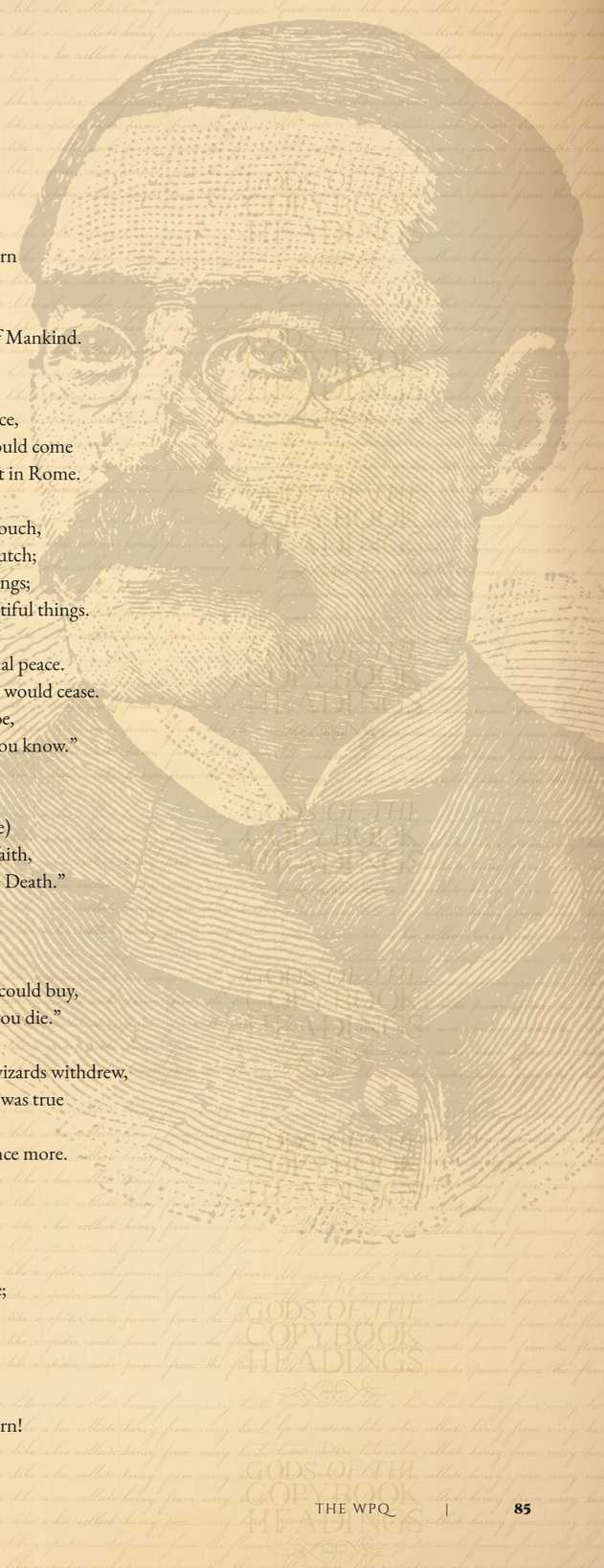
The poem observes that such seemingly innocuous ideas as “Vision and Breadth of Mind” had the rhetorical force to turn people away from their roots in much the same way that “Diversity and Inclusion” do today. The fourth stanza further highlights the power of language through allusions to idioms that people say but know to be literally untrue. The Moon is not made of cheese, whether Stilton or Dutch cheese, and pigs clearly do not have wings. Similarly, “if wishes were horses, then beggars would ride”; wishing alone cannot make things happen, but the Gods of the Market Place can delude people who are willing to disregard natural law.

In geologic time, the Cambrian period marks the beginning of the Paleozoic era. However, the word “Cambrian” can also refer to a Welshman and here acts as veiled criticism of the Liberal politician David Lloyd George, who was serving as the British prime minister at the time of the poem’s publication and with whom Kipling strongly disagreed on matters of policy. The Carboniferous period is another actual division of the Paleozoic era, but Kipling again uses the name as a pun, here subtly criticizing the recent fortification of coal miners’ trade unions.

Kipling concocts “Feminian” to make “feminism” sound like a geologic period. He was concerned about the social ills that might result from the excesses of so-called women’s rights, beginning with women’s suffrage, which had recently been established in Canada, Germany, Britain, and other Western countries. Kipling’s warning of a time when “our women had no more children and the men lost reason and faith” seems especially prescient today, certainly more so than at any point in the previous century.

The first two of the “four things certain” that conclude the poem call to mind a “true proverb” mentioned in 2 Peter 2:22: “The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.” Similarly, the third item is the “Fool’s” version of the saying that the “burnt child fears the fire.” The final stanza briefly touches on previous points in reverse order, appropriate for the upside-down nature of the “brave new world.” That “all men are paid for existing” and that “no man must pay for his sins” reflect the adages in the seventh and sixth stanzas, respectively, while the certainties that “Water will wet us” and “Fire will burn” recall the earliest lessons of the poem. The final line is a sterner yet ultimately optimistic retelling of the first stanza. By reconnecting with our past, our people, and our heritage, we can work toward a new future based on human nature generally and our nature specifically. This will not be an easy task. Nevertheless, while the Gods of the Market Place often seem overwhelming, the Gods of the Copybook Headings will surely “outlast them all.”

By Earnest Goodman



As I pass through my incarnations in every age and race,
I make my proper prostrations to the Gods of the Market Place.
Peering through reverent fingers I watch them flourish and fall,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings, I notice, outlast them all.

We were living in trees when they met us. They showed us each in turn
That Water would certainly wet us, as Fire would certainly burn:
But we found them lacking in Uplift, Vision and Breadth of Mind,
So we left them to teach the Gorillas while we followed the March of Mankind.

We moved as the Spirit listed. They never altered their pace,
Being neither cloud nor wind-borne like the Gods of the Market Place,
But they always caught up with our progress, and presently word would come
That a tribe had been wiped off its icefield, or the lights had gone out in Rome.

With the Hopes that our World is built on they were utterly out of touch,
They denied that the Moon was Stilton; they denied she was even Dutch;
They denied that Wishes were Horses; they denied that a Pig had Wings;
So we worshipped the Gods of the Market who promised these beautiful things.

When the Cambrian measures were forming, they promised perpetual peace.
They swore, if we gave them our weapons, that the wars of the tribes would cease.
But when we disarmed they sold us and delivered us bound to our foe,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: “Stick to the Devil you know.”

On the first Feminian Sandstones we were promised the Fuller Life
(Which started by loving our neighbour and ended by loving his wife)
Till our women had no more children and the men lost reason and faith,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: “The Wages of Sin is Death.”

In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,
By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul;
But, though we had plenty of money, there was nothing our money could buy,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: “If you don’t work you die.”

Then the Gods of the Market tumbled, and their smooth-tongued wizards withdrew,
And the hearts of the meanest were humbled and began to believe it was true
That All is not Gold that Glitters, and Two and Two make Four—
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings limped up to explain it once more.

As it will be in the future, it was at the birth of Man—
There are only four things certain since Social Progress began:—
That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her Mire,
And the burnt Fool’s bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the Fire;

And that after this is accomplished, and the brave new world begins
When all men are paid for existing and no man must pay for his sins,
As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,
The Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter return!

THE ARCHIVES

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

Electromagnetic Spectrum Superiority Strategy

The QRS Corporation and the Electromagnetic Cure

BY PAUL MARLAIS

Self-actualization among White people in the wake of intensifying levels of mass immigration has eroded the mytho-media archetype of the so-called "White Supremacist" as an undereducated political radical from Nowhere, Alabama. White people from normal and healthy backgrounds and every social rung are increasingly asking *Why are we the only people forbidden from adopting a positive identity?* and accepting that there is no logical rebuttal. This shift toward normalization is for the better, and outwardly looks better than what came before. But there *was*—still—*a before*.

In the 1980s and 1990s, White advocacy did not always appear agreeable from public relations perspective. Many figures from this period have since died or gone to jail or moved on, but one in particular, whom we will call the Queen of the Fourteen Words, moved on in a peculiar direction. She is now a leading expert in the field of Reams Biological Theory of Ionization, and integrated into a sizable network that sells QRS products, short for "Quantron Resonance System," and further dubbed PEMF, or "Pulsed Electromagnetic Field" therapy. For sale on her website is a $4,000 QRS mat, along with QRS glasses and headphones, and her work is distributed by a company whose proprietors build and market electricity-based medical equipment as home treatments for cancer, diabetes, and other diseases—though for liability reasons they would no doubt protest.

Despite portraying themselves in a reality TV show-esque manner, as rogue inventors working against "big energy" for the sake of "repressed science," their limited catalog—comprised of Lakhovsky Multiple Wave Oscillators, Rife Machines, and Tesla coils—are inventions from a century ago. But this story goes far beyond them, and is hardly "repressed." In fact, the image of the QRS mat sold by the Queen of the Fourteen Words is the same image on the front page of a company that once traded on the NASDAQ, was run by a string of peak-elite executives on Ivy League business school admissions boards, and is part of a multi-billion-dollar biotechnology data-mining conglomerate that has made the United States Department of Defense a meek cashier and subsidiary of itself.

Where is all of this going? Deep we are destined, but to get there we should understand the history of electromagnetic therapy, Reams Biological Theory of Ionization, and the enigmatic QRS Corporation.

THE ELECTRIC CURE

In 1774, German physician Franz Anton Mesmer (1734–1815) gained enormous fame in Vienna and then Europe as a whole after healing a woman suffering from hysteria, seizures, and paralysis by having her ingest iron and affixing magnets to her body. "Mesmerism," or "animal magnetism," would subsequently become so divisive that in 1784 Louis XVI appointed a royal commission, whose members included Benjamin Franklin and Joseph-Ignace Guillotin, to study it. Mesmer's theories were largely rejected and viewed as "preying on the suggestibility of its clients,"[1] but to some that was the appeal.

Mesmerism, "already in [the] early days in the late eighteenth century, seeped into the European Jewish world," and the internal dialog among the leaders in that world centered on its utility for social control:

> if Napoleon and Mohammed succeeded in gathering hundreds of thousands of people around them, we cannot attribute this to their words, but only to their suggestive powers.[2]

Mesmer's methods would be adopted, and are today considered "the basis of hypnosis and Freud's psychoanalysis."[3] Nonetheless, the understanding of electricity in Mesmer's time was a bit patchy, hence:

> In mesmerism, the magnetizer would 'electrify' a divining rod with mesmeric 'fluid' and hold it out to one person, who then joined hands with others to form a type of circuit.[4]

Less so was the case in the time of Nicola Tesla (1856–1943), who was optimistic about the curative prospects of electricity, saying his work was "chiefly of interest to the physician" due to the:

> apparent harmlessness [with] which [. . .] relatively great amounts of electrical energy [can pass] through the body of a person without causing pain or serious discomfort.[5]

But exposing himself to heavy doses of electricity also led Tesla to warn of the negative effects: the "immense fatigue" that would ensue, and how the "various chemical products" that formed on the skin were "very destructive."[6] Physicians were quick to exploit his work, none too pleasing to Tesla, who had no desire to put himself "on record as a 'patent medicine' man."

> [A] serious worker cannot despise anything more than the misuse and abuse of electricity which we have frequent occasion to witness. . . . No wonder then that progressive physicians also should expect to find in it a powerful tool and help in new curative processes.[7]

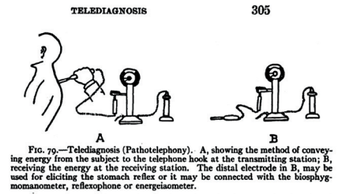
"Progressive" and, discernibly, something else. No contemporary would profit more than Albert Abrams (1863–1924), active from the 1890s to 1920s, who founded an alternative field of medicine called "radionics," or electromagnetic therapy (EMT), built machines he stated could cure cancer and every other disease, became a millionaire selling them, and even declared that he could cure diseases over the telephone (Fig. 1).[8] In the 1920s and 1930s, Georges Lakhovsky (1869–1942) would invent the "Multi Wave Oscillator," which he likewise claimed could cure cancer and successfully had, being at liberty to use it on a fair number of French people suffering from it.[9]

And so the good news was spread. A 1932 headline from the *Jewish Daily Bulletin* reads: "Jewish Specialist Says Electro-Surgery Successful for Cancer," and continues:

> Dr. Gustav Kolischer, noted Jewish urologist of Chicago and president of the American Congress of Physical Therapy [. . .] reported that successful treatment of [cancer] with high frequency currents have been given.[10]

The announcement succeeded a report in the *New York Herald Tribune* from the same man with ethnic reinforcements:

> [H]igh frequency electrical current has had "highly beneficial results" in cancer treatment, [said] Kolischer. . . . "The energies [and] internal heat [. . .] can solve a great many medical riddles [. . .] in the cure of syphilis or any infection," asserted Dr. Levine [further, who] has what he calls a "fever machine" which heats the body internally but does not injure the patient's health.



TELEDIAGNOSIS 305

A B

Fig. 79.—Telediagnosis (Pathotelephony). A, showing the method of conveying energy from the subject to the telephone hook at the transmitting station; B, receiving the energy at the receiving station. The distal electrode in B, may be used for eliciting the stomach reflex or it may be connected with the biosphygmomanometer, reflexophone or energeiometer.

To execute this method of pathotelephony, the hook of the telephone is used at the transmitting or receiving station (physician's office). The telephone may be grasped in the hand (insulating material on it prevents the transmission of normal energy) and the hook applied directly to the energy source or in the case of pus, the latter may approximate the telephone hook.

FIG. 1: From *New Concepts in Diagnosis and Treatment* by Albert Abrams (1916): "Telediagnosis," or "Pathotelephony," as a method of diagnosing and treating disease over the telephone

Additionally, a method of:

> treating certain types of neuritis of the arm [with] ultra-violet light was submitted in a joint paper by Dr. Esther Frankel and Dr. Disraeli Kobak [who] found that constant application of the ultra-violet rays would cause pain to eventually cease.

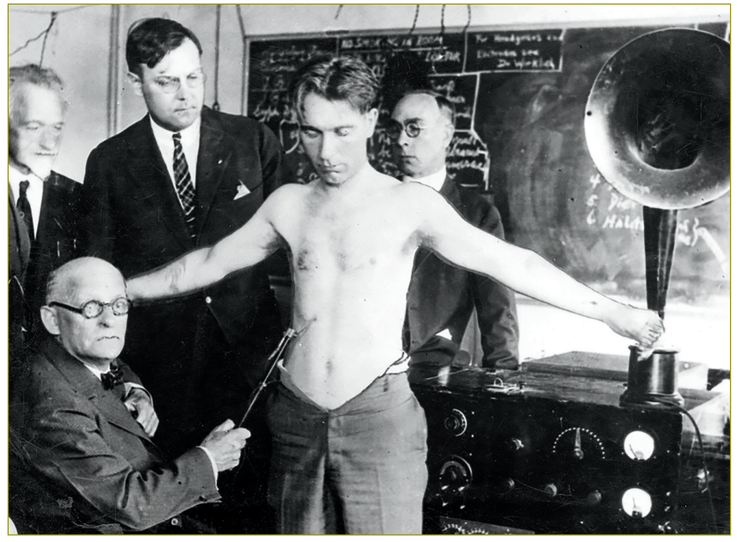
And joining in were:

> Dr. Harold Swanberg and Dr. Arthur E. Perley, radiologists [who] offered a joint paper maintaining that radium is superior to surgery in the treatment of certain types of cancer peculiar to women, resulting in 60 per cent cures in cases which were treated before the disease had progressed beyond the point of relief.[11]

They shared more than certainty in common, but others were more prudent.

In 1930, a White American named Royal Rife (1888–1971) invented the "Rife Machine," and in an interview made it plain as day that he wasn't professing to have the cure for anything:

> [I]f the electrical make-up of certain dangerous germs is learned, it may some day be possible to destroy them in the human body by applying small doses of electricity. In no way, however, Rife makes clear, does this idea uphold the claims of medical fakers that they can cure disease by applying electrical "vibrations" to the body of a patient.[12]



Dr. Albert Abrams conducting a radionic experiment in 1923. Abrams has been called "the outstanding medical quack of all time" (Flaxman, 1953)

Many shared Rife's suspicions, felt radionics to be "ethically unjustified," and against calls of "bigotry" from those proclaiming to have cured all disease, said: "the charge of 'bigoted and *a priori* criticism' is one of the stock lines of defence of every quack medicine vendor."[13] A year-plus investigation into Abrams' methods by *Scientific American* asked readers for ideas and put Abrams on the spot to show results. He failed, and failed in a magnificently embarrassing fashion, and went down bitterly at the gall that anyone could question his ability to cure cancer via telephone, saying in parting that: "posthumous apotheosis is often the heritage of contemporary persecution."[14] *Persecution* . . . what a shock!

An electrocardiogram (EKG or ECG) is an electrical recording of the heart that contains Q, R, and S waves that form the QRS Complex, which can detect certain heart conditions (FIG. 2). Such electrical devices are used in diagnoses and treatment, but electromagnetic field therapy as an effective tool to cure disease or correct putative "imbalances in the body's energy fields" has never been upheld.[15] The medical establishment today is, if anything, profoundly unethical, but honesty and ethical institutional expectations are high-minded White ideals, and their disproportionate absence in others, as evidenced here, should stress the importance of being able to discern *who* is saying *what*.

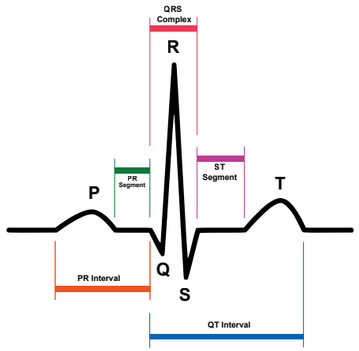


FIG. 2: Diagram of a normal rhythm for a human heart as seen on an electrocardiogram

REAMS AND THE RBTI CON

ELECTROMAGNETIC THERAPY AND REAMS Biological Theory of Ionization share a foundation in quackery, but their modern benefactors assert, within slightly stricter limits of legality, that they can do no less than what Albert Abrams did: cure all disease. With RBTI, we need look no further than to its foremost expert:

> Reams taught that mineral deficiency is the cause of all diseases. . . . [M]an receives his energy from two sources. . . . [T]he mineral energy comes from the food digestive principle [and] life influencing energies come in the form of electromagnetic frequencies.[16]

"Science," in term, is a mere convenience, since the marks are people with illnesses who want to believe in a higher power. RBTI is ergo coupled with another ploy:

> Reams credited God Almighty with revealing to him what we call in RBTI the "equation" for perfect health. It looks like this: CS + 1.5 6.40/6.40 6-7C .04M 3/3 = PH. . . . CS means Common Sense, PH means Perfect Health.[17]

There is a little truth in everything, as they say, but it diminishes pursuant to how much hinges on God sharing dietary formulas and with hope a high tolerance for being sold a lofty notion like "Perfect Health" to begin with. Our expert opens with a disclaimer that she is "not a medical doctor," but reassures us with a follow up that Reams "had maybe six PhDs." This would be impressive—*if* it were true.

The PhD count of Carey A. Reams (1903–1985) was closer to zero. He was not a medical doctor, but habitually pretended to be and lied about his credentials, the medical schools he attended, and one may suspect his friendship with Albert Einstein.[18] After being paralyzed in World War Two somewhere between Papua New Guinea and France, Reams had a divine encounter with "one of the most well-known healing ministers in the world," Kathryn Kuhlman (1907–1976). Kuhlman had a TV show and a national radio ministry, was a best-selling author, and toured the country cheating White Christians with disabilities out of millions from the 1940s to 1970s.[19] An ethnic con artist to boot, Kuhlman "presented herself as the archetypal blonde southern belle [but] was actually Jewish."[20] Being a paraplegic, of course, Reams had cause to seek out Kuhlman's powers. That he did, and an account of it made the front page of the Butler, PA *Eagle* on Jan. 1, 1951:

> [A] man on crutches, who said he had not walked unaided since 1945, was told to throw away his supports. He did so, and walked briskly back and forth across the stage, stretching his leg muscles [as] directed. . . . [He] declared through a loudspeaker that he had heard of Miss Kuhlman in Florida through a magazine article, and had made a special trip [to] attend her services for healing.[21]

Carey Reams' paralysis was thereby cured, miraculously and pain-free by the grace of God, and his pockets magically filled with enough money to buy a truck and drive back to Florida.[22] He then took up the con, using his Biological Theory of Ionization and the Holy Spirit to cure diabetes and cancer and dispense dietary advice as kosher as the Old Testament from which much of it derived. There is "no way to sanctify hog meat by prayer when either Jew or Gentile eats it," Reams wrote in his seminal work, reason being that the nutritional regimen was transmitted to the Jews as a "message of salvation to the Gentiles."[23] In any case, Reams was never one to hide:

> I was trying to get a bank loan [. . .] and they asked me for references. And I said my father is a rich Jew. They said, "That's all we need to know" [and] didn't ask any more. . . . They just gave me the loan.[24]

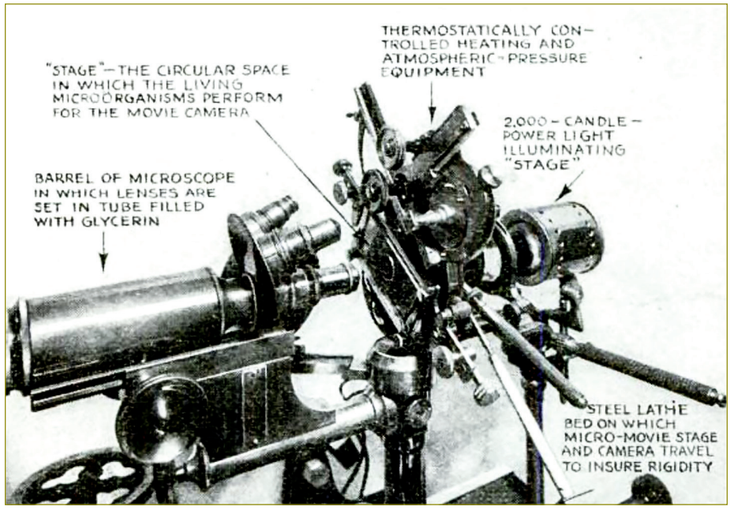
Another miracle. But in what other terms can the ethically bankrupt think?

> There are three [requirements] to use the Bank of Heaven. First, you must be born into the kingdom and entitled to the use of that bank. They're very particular about who does banking there. [Second] you must make deposits there. And [third] to draw money from that bank, you must use the signature [. . .] of your faith.[25]

By the 1980s, Reams was generously upfront about how it was all about the con:

> It is no harm to spoil the Egyptian, so the Jewish people say. No harm to deceive the enemy. . . . [Y]ou are supposed to deceive your enemy if you can. Because all is fair, in love and war.[26]

The sick and disabled came to Kuhlman and Reams because they wanted to *believe* in a cure, and undeterred by the lack of



A "Rife Machine," developed by Royal Rife c. 1930, then one of the most powerful microscopes in the world

Kathryn Kuhlman, faith healer and model for Carey Reams, who had her own TV show and radio ministry, and swindled White people with diseases and disabilities out of millions of dollars

one, Kuhlman and Reams had no qualms selling them the belief. Their deceit would catch up to them with time, and both have been blamed for a number of deaths,[27] but while Reams failed to achieve the fame Kuhlman did, he succeeded in creating a business model without the collateral effects that fatefully accompany the act of bribing people to fake paralysis. Reams testing bundles, avowing to determine "up to 2,600 different health conditions," sell for hundreds of dollars,[28] and the Queen of the Fourteen Words is one of many who sustain the con, but it is nothing short of an industry unto itself.

THE INDUSTRY OF THE CON

THE EARTH HAS AN electromagnetic field (EMF), as do our brains, and they have become an invisible but ever-present force with the rapid growth of technology. High-level exposure is definitively harmful, leading to "cognitive impairment" and with "strong indications" of links to recent spikes in neurodegenerative disease deaths and cancers in the West.[29] But if a lot is bad, a little must be good, right? A study of the specific PEMF mats sold by the QRS Corporation and the Queen of the Fourteen Words concluded the "therapeutic effects" to be "insufficient," but low-level, extended EMF exposure has also been connected to memory problems, cell death, and neurodegenerative diseases.[30] It is contentious, with a range of research going both ways, but if even the potential is there, why not err on the side of caution?

Electromagnetic and radiological exposure are nominally regulated by multiple bodies in the West, yet the "highest permitted RF-EMF exposures [. . .] are those used in the USA, the UK and most of the EU," and "tenfold higher than [those] in Israel."[31] One would think it sensible for a department invested in public health and safety to oversee EMF-related affairs, but the task has long been consigned to the Department of Defense, who is candid about how it "manages access to and use of [the] spectrum" and directs the Electromagnetic Compatibility Program (EMCP), the Electromagnetic Compatibility Technical Center (ECTC), and the Radio Frequency and Electromagnetic Interference Automated Measurement System (or REAMS, incidentally).[32] Presently there is a shift, as:

> The Department is transitioning [. . .] to a unified treatment [of] Electromagnetic Spectrum Operations (EMSO) [with the] 2020 DoD EMS Superiority Strategy [which] seeks to align EMS resources, capabilities, and activities [. . .] to support our core national security objectives while remaining mindful of [. . .] U.S. economic prosperity.[33]

This is being achieved by:

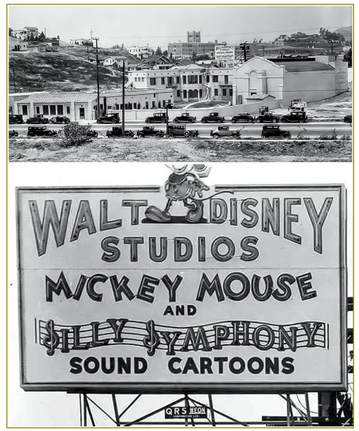
> repurposing spectrum to stimulate economic growth [by] making an unprecedented amount [. . .] available for commerce [such as] fifth-generation (5G) and future broadband technologies.[34]

What this means is that the Department has been repurposed to defend the commercial interests of companies run by people like the Semitic Heiselt family, including David, Leonard, Gilbert, and Karie, who have been operating an international QRS network for two-plus decades with

the help of multi-million-dollar contracts ceded to their rackets identified by Commercial and Government Entity (CAGE) Codes, a few being QRS Medical Calibrations (5WZD1), Datrend Systems (L3528), and QRS Medical Marketing (1HCF2).[35] Semitic power and elicit corruption grow stronger with QRS, Inc. (1SVG3), run by Alfred J. Meltzer, a veteran client of the DoD since 1988, supplying "an array of health sector analysis, information technology, and geographic information systems (GIS) services."[36] For context, QRS, Inc.'s headquarters in Fairfax, VA is a bordello of mercenary spooks engineering "combat and weapon systems [for] the Department of Defense," servicing the Treasury, IRS, and Navy with IT solutions, and providing the FBI with "software development, database engineering, systems administration, [and] information security services" (through a contract that is "the largest in the Bureau's history").[37]

Hospitals, the American Medical Association, Veterans Association, Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services, et al., collect electronic health records (EHR) for the Department of Health and Human Services, who stores the information in a database called the Area Health Resource File system (AHRF), and apparently allows any and all to buy it "for $800 directly from QRS, Inc.," or Alfred Meltzer.[38] What could go wrong? Funny you ask since, while writing, a data breach in which the personal information of 320,000 people was stolen resulted in a class action lawsuit being filed against QRS, Inc.—*in Knoxville, Tennessee*.[39] But the QRS, Inc. in Knoxville is a "vendor" or independent cell in this vast data-mining scheme, and it is safe to assume the fallout will stay in Tennessee.

Dubious unions abound, but these are minor players compared to *the* ubiquitous but elusive QRS Corporation (NASDAQ: QSRI). The Q.R.S. *Neon* Corporation was a California electric dynamo active by 1930, which built "camouflage buildings" for the U.S. military, controlled the neon sign business, and was partnered *inter alia* with Walt Disney Studios, the Golden Gate Theater, and the MGM Grand, which it was responsible for burning down in a 1980 fire that killed eighty-four people and holds the belt today for the deadliest event in Nevada history.[40] Between the 1960s and 1980s, the QRS Corporation spawned and



Sign at Walt Disney Studios built by the Q.R.S. Neon Corporation

re-spawned as a federal partner, spelled out on occasion as "Quick Response Systems," "Quick Response Services," or "Quality Resource Systems."[41] And in the 1990s, it was variably reported as a "supply-chain technology giant," "retail industry innovator," and "B2B global supplier,"[42] descriptors still with no clarity as to what it does. Below (FIG. 3) shows that the Richmond, California-based QRS Corporation does indeed sell PEMF equipment; however, it was not made a giant by peddling electromagnetic therapy mats, but rather, virtual gold: data.

Listed as well (FIG. 3) is an address for the QRS Corporation in Alpharetta, Georgia, a north Atlanta suburb that has "become home to a large Israeli population, thanks to the many technology companies based in the area."[43] The top three employers of the Israeli Occupied Zone of Alpharetta are the McKesson Corporation, a biopharmaceutical and health IT firm ranked seventh on the 2021 *Fortune* 500 list with $238.2

QRS (TRADEMARK)
Alpharetta, GA · Richmond, CA

Status:	Inactive
Registration:	Sep 24, 1997
State ID:	75362197
Reg. number:	2308276
Status:	710 - Cancelled - section 8
Status date:	Aug 20, 2010
Illustration:	Drawing with word(s)/letter(s)/number(s) in Stylized form
Attorney:	Jack D. Todd MORRIS, MANNING & MARTIN, LLP 3343 Peachtree Road Ne, Atlanta, GA 30326
Employee:	Steven M Perez
Goods & Services:	Computer software for data base access in the field of retail merchandise and for facilitating electronic commerce between retail industry trading partners featuring retail inventory and sales...
Owners (2):	Qrs Corporation, Parkway 400, Suite 100 11720 Amberpark Drive, Alpharetta, GA 30004 Quickresponse Services, Inc, 1400 Marina Way South, Richmond, CA 94804

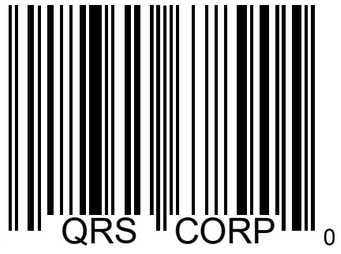
QRS CORPORATION
PO Box 4032, Richmond, CA 94804

Industry:	Information Technology and Services
Description:	QRS is a pulsed electromagnetic field (PEMF) product used by individuals looking for alternative health solutions. For in-home and clinical use.

FIG. 3: Business listings for the QRS Corporation

billion in revenue, full tilt since flooding the U.S. with hydrocodone throughout the opioid epidemic;[44] Automatic Data Processing, Inc. (ADP), sorting a near-quarter of the nation's paychecks automated by the "Human Capital Management Cloud" (HCM), in at 208 on the *Fortune* 500;[45] and LexisNexis, holder of the largest records database in the world under RELX, eleventh on the *FT* 100.[46] It's nothing now, but in 1987 the military-backed data-mining machine QRS was activated to carry out a mission: to coordinate the centralization and universal standardization of electronic consumer data through the barcode.

> QRS's UPC [universal product code] database provided a central repository, where suppliers could post their UPCs so that any authorized retailer could access and download them directly into its information system . . . and its UPC catalog was the largest and most widely used.[47]



Starting in 1987, with the help of IBM and the military, the QRS Corporation harvested the largest UPC database in the world, with 73 million codes by 1999

Mission status complete, the QRS Corporation was handed off for $116 million in 2004 to Inovis, Inc.,[48] provider of "competitive intelligence and strategic analysis & planning for pharma, biotechnology, medical devices, diagnostics, genomics, CROs and managed care companies."[49] Inovis itself would be swallowed a decade later for $1 billion by the "Enterprise Information Management" (EIM) mega-corp OpenText,[50] panoptic-suite provider of cloud-based services and a Frankenpharma future hellscape through automated and AI-driven "clinical data intelligence" projects with pre-built machine learning and big data analytics for the infrastructure of the Internet of Things (IoT).[51]

But what is so valuable about this data, and of *all* data, why *health* data?

BIG R_x, BIG CLOUD, & BIG DATA

THE FORMER CEOs OF the QRS Corporation are serial corporate executives, and three of the four are Semitic admissions gatekeepers at Ivy or "Ivy Plus" universities, rife as we know with Semitic nepotism.[52] The lone gentile, late U.S. Navy Commander Dr. Harry Lynn Hazlett, long in his paymasters' pockets, had his own lined per the Paradise Papers through offshore accounts in Bermuda.[53] Nearly every company the four have been involved with are extensions of federal agencies—or, more accurately, vice versa—revolve around Big Data centralization, cloud migration, and automated analytics, often with a hand in pharmaceutical IT, and were transferred in controlled hand-offs to leviathans like the four companies run by QRS founder John Simon that ended up under OpenText.

OpenText is creating "robot-lawyers" and "robot-reporters," "ingestible smart pills with cameras, computers, and guidance systems" to target cancer cells, "DNA chips" that scan for cancer, toilets with biosensors that can "detect cancer," memory printing, personality storage and transfer technologies to foster "genetic and digital immortality,"[54] and a pretty horrifying dystopia overall. A key focus is "digital forensics." On the lighter side:

> OpenText Capture Center (OCC) extracts information from bitmap documents by using the most advanced Optical Character Recognition (OCR), Intelligent Character Recognition (ICR), and Intelligent Document Recognition (IDR).[55]

Extracting, reading, and analyzing information from physical documents is useful, but the objectives are less benign:

> Acquire data from a wide variety of devices, including laptops, desktops, smartphones, tablets, GPS and other devices associated with the Internet of Things.[56]

Data acquired using Electromagnetic Side-Channel Analysis (EM-SCA):

> a branch in information security that exploits Electromagnetic (EM) radiation of computers to eavesdrop and exfiltrate [steal] sensitive information.[57]

Of ethics and "defense," set the bar low:

> Electromagnetic Compatibility (EMC) refers to a device's unintentional EM radiation that can affect the functionality of other devices and the health of humans. . . . However, regarding [..] EM side-channel information leakage from general purpose electronic devices, there are no such rules to govern the manufacturers [. . .] only guidelines [. . .] which may or may not be followed.[58]

It may seem complex, but all in all there is nothing intrinsically new here: power and resources are being consolidated using host-state appendages, ethics have been deteriorated and lies and fraud are predominate and propagate at enhanced levels, and an alien but hyper-zealous irreality is being projected onto us, thrust by a Kurzweilian bioautomated-AI-driven-nanotech singularity catalyzed by Big Data and staged on the Cloud, but don't be fooled: the claim is the same as ever and rooted purely in suggestive forces. "Empire" is and has been from the start a vehicle to centralize power in order to protect trade routes and an extended tribal army of highly urban, mercantile, literate, and fanatical West Semitic elites, and what we are witnessing is an ongoing process on record as such for over 5,000 years. The phenomenon extends no further than the race propelling it.

Our Semitic overlords are so deeply embedded in us that the vision may be in part our own at heart, but we can see where it deviates from the more pragmatic and less messianic minds we as Whites, low though we've fallen, maintain. Do they *really* believe that electricity and "smart

THE QRS CORPORATION'S FORMER CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

John Simon, 1988–? (Semitic):

- **Graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Business School**
- **Assistant to the President of Harvard Business School**
- **Harvard College Admissions Office advisor**
- **Consultant at Epsilon Data Management, LLC**—"one of the largest marketing companies in the world [that on January 27, 2021] entered into a settlement with the Department of Justice [for $150 million] to resolve a criminal charge for selling millions of Americans' information to perpetrators of elder fraud schemes") (acq. Alliance Data/Publicis Groupe)
- **CEO/Director/President/Vice President/Chairman**
  - **Electronic Commerce Systems, Inc.**—computer software and system design and implementation for electronic data interchange (acq. OpenText)
  - **Adaptiv Networks, Inc.**—provider of cloud-based powerline communications for subsea oil & gas production, mining, and industrial automation
  - **Carter Hawley Hale Stores, Inc.**—regional and national retailer giant under Broadway Stores, Inc. (acq. Macy's)
  - **Liaison Technologies, Inc.**—e-commerce and data normalization services to retail and other related industries (acq. OpenText)
  - **EasyLink Services International Corp.**—global provider of cloud-based electronic communications and business integration services (acq. OpenText)
  - **Predictix, LLC**—manufacturer of cloud applications that provide next-generation data science and big data analytics for retailers (acq. Koch Industries)
  - **ACTIO Analytics, Inc.**—information technology company and provider of modular- and cloud-based software as a service analytics platform
  - **afterBOT, Inc.**—developer of digital receipt technology that licenses patents using accelerated analytics and automated product registration
  - **KOMP**—cloud-based provider of big data predictive analytics using AI/machine learning for ARK Next Generation Internet exchange-traded funds (ETF)

Tania Amochaev, 1993–1997 (Semitic):

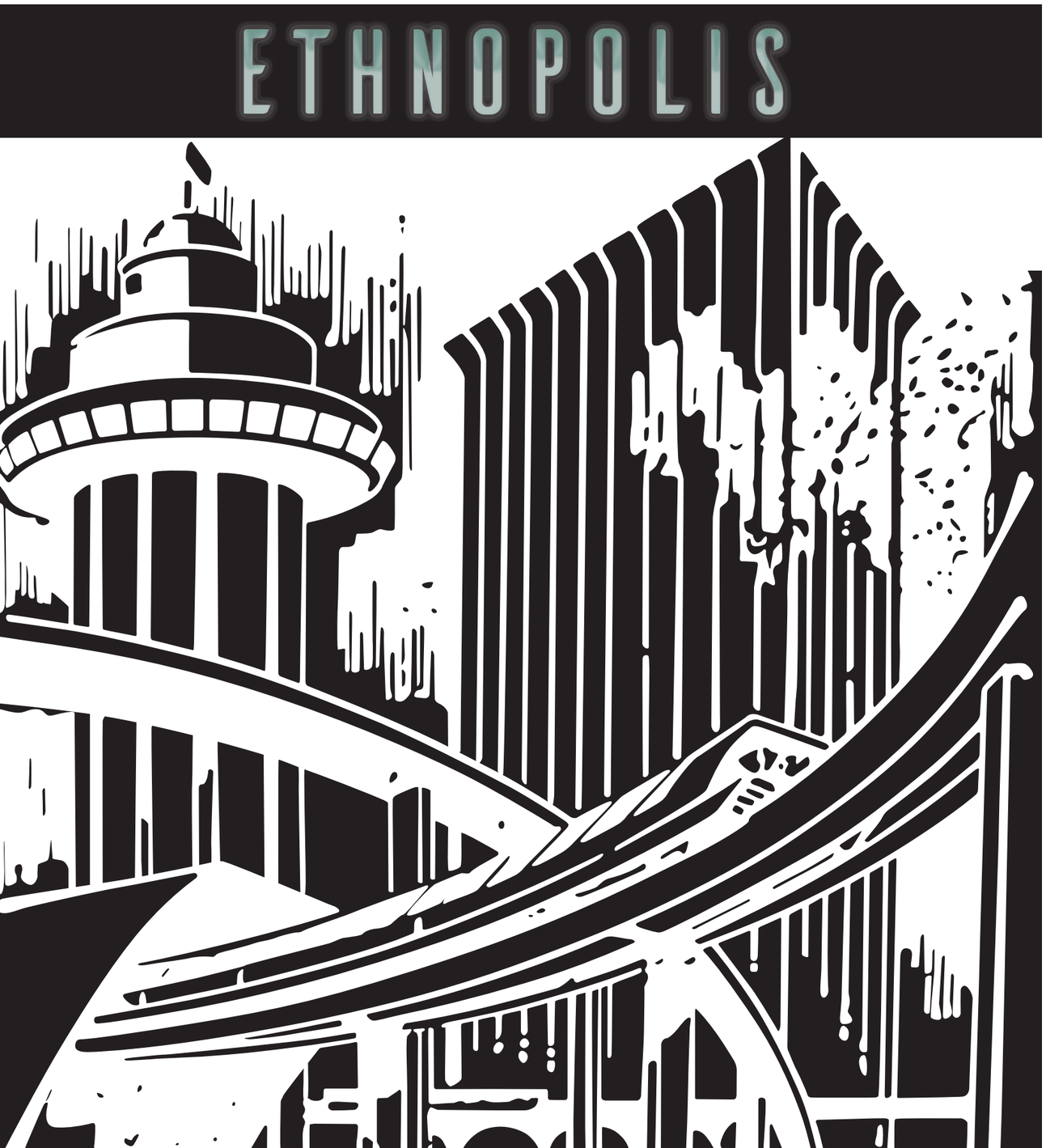
- **Graduate and Advisory Board member of the Stanford Graduate School of Business**
- **Executive Board member at the University of California at Berkeley**
- **Board of Trustees at the College of St. Catherine**
- **Board of Directors:**
  - **Government Technology Services, Inc.**—IT and outsourcing services provider for federal, state, and local governments (acq. UNICOM Global)
  - **Symantec Corporation**—cybersecurity software and information management services (acq. NortonLifeLock, Inc./Broadcom, Inc.)
  - **Walker Interactive Systems, Inc.**—financial software services for accounting, recordkeeping, reporting, analysis, and forecasting (acq. Koch Industries)
  - **NetTest North America, Inc.**—developer of network monitoring systems and operational support solutions for telecommunications market (acq. Anritsu)
  - **Prescient, Inc.**—global corporate and governmental cybersecurity and intelligence services firm that serves the FBI, CIA, and Marine Intelligence Corps
  - **Percipient, Inc.**—advanced analytics provider that builds technology platforms specializing in computer vision, AI, and deep learning for intelligence and national security missions, and doud-based fin-tech software for pharmaceutical and biotech manufacturers
  - **Control Data Corporation**—mainframe and supercomputer firm, one of the nine major U.S computer companies alongside IBM, Burroughs Corporation, DEC, NCR, General Electric, Honeywell, RCA, and UNIVAC (acq. Unisys)
  - **Elavon, Inc.**—credit card processor and data-driven fraud and security services provider (acq. U.S. Bancorp)
  - **Hudson Venture Capital**—New York-based private equity firm that invests in financial services, marketing, and media companies
- **CEO and Chairman:**
  - **Natural Language, Inc.**—AI services provider assisting computers in understanding, interpreting, and manipulating human language (acq. Microsoft)
  - **Comserv, Inc.**—services data-driven debt collection, cost recovery, death validation, and SSN validation, collected over 100 million death records

Elizabeth Fetter, 2001–2005 (Semitic):

- **Graduate and Executive Advisory Committee to the President of Penn State University**
- **Member of Harvard Business School Director School executive education program**
- **Member of Executive Advisory Board of the San Francisco State University College of Business**
- **Member of National Association of Corporate Directors**
- **"Seasoned technology CEO" and "popular keynote and panel speaker" who has "lectured and taught at business schools around the country**
- **Named in Top 100 Bay Area Businesswomen seven times**
- **Served on ten public boards of directors and as a director on a dozen not-for-profit boards**
- **CEO/Director:**
  - **McGrath Rentcorp**—$500+ million B2B rental company with over 1,000 employees
  - **Alliant International University, Inc.**—for-profit private university with campuses in California, Mexico City, Nairobi, Tokyo, and Hong Kong
  - **Symmetricon, Inc.**—global manufacturer of timekeeping technology supplied to corporate and governmental entities, such as crystal oscillators, atomic clocks, network sync management sytems, and synchronization supply units (SSUs) (acq. Microchip Technology, Inc.)
  - **NxGen Modular, LLC**—manufacturer of modular mission critical data centers, buildings, and assemblies (acq. Burns & Scalo)
  - **Jacent Technologies, Inc.**—software and services provider that sources, warehouses, ships, and stocks items to 14,000 retail stores in North America
  - **NorthPoint Communications Group, Inc.**—data network, transmission, and exchange carrier partnered with Microsoft, Intel, and Enron (acq. AT&T)
- **Board of Directors:**
  - **Vivus, Inc.**—biopharmaceutical company working in the field of obesity, sleep apnea, diabetes, and erectile dysfunction (acq. Icahn Enterprises)
  - **Quantum Corporation**—data storage and management firm and producer of integrated storage systems that protects virtual machine (VM) data
  - **Fox Factory Holding Corp.**—designer, manufacturer, engineer, and marketer of suspension products and systems
  - **Ikanos Communications, Inc.**—developer of semiconductors, telecommunications equipment, and wireless technology (acq. Qualcomm)
- **Senior/Executive:**
  - **Consumer Services Group at US West, Inc.**—telecommunications carrier and broadband data provider (acq. Lumen Technologies)
  - **Pacific Bell & SBC Communications**—telephone services provider (acq. AT&T)
  - **Talend, Inc.**—big data and cloud-integration services firm that accelerates migrations to cloud data warehouses on Amazon Web Services (Talend SA)

H. Lynn Hazlett, 1997–2000 (White):

- **U.S. Navy Commander**
- **One of fifty-one people ever admitted into the Navy Supply Corps Foundation Distinguished Alumni Program**
- **Doctor of Business Administration in Information Automation from George Washington University**
- **Director/CEO/Chief Information Officer/Vice President/Chief Technology Officer:**
  - **Global Sources, Ltd.**—B2B platform promoting global trade and providing up-to-date market insights and sourcing solutions whose clients include 95 of the world's top 100 retailers and serving over 1.5 million international buyers (acq. Blackstone)
  - **ICS Technology Group**—marketing and database management, targeted list, and pharmaceutical logistical services (acq. Alliance Data/Publicis Groupe)
  - **TriNet Group, Inc.**—cloud-based provider of outsourcing services for administrative payroll, health benefits, and human resources
  - **BBC Global Services, LLC**—customer support and business process outsourcing service provider
  - **Levi Strauss & Co.**—Jewish clothing company known for its Levi's brand of denim jeans
  - **VF Corporation**—apparel and footwear company that owns the JanSport, Eastpak, Timberland, and North Face brands
  - **Supply Chain Associates, LLC**—retail supply chain management and consultancy firm (acq. QRS Corporation)
  - **Carson Pirie Scott & Co.**—American department store founded in 1854 (acq. Bon-Ton Holdings)
  - **Vanity Fair**—monthly magazine of popular culture, fashion, and current affairs published by Condé Nast (acq. Advance Publications)



pills" can cure cancer, are they as delusional as Albert Abrams was in claiming he could do so over the phone, or are they just conning people like Kuhlman and Reams? Recall where we began:

> [A]s much as mesmerism exemplified an Enlightenment faith in progress and in conquering the unknown, it also challenged this faith [and] produced a type of physical catharsis or crisis [that] threatened the body politic [and] the progress of individual freedom but also [the] conservation of social order. . . . "[A] creature of the imagination—spread not by rational argument but through the mesmerist's hypnotic touch. It was a matter of excessive and fanatical mass belief—belief of which [. . .] magical medicine were both the symptoms and carriers."

Logic, practical communication, and sincerity have negative biological benefits for a people who have evolved to exist *within* other peoples, mimic them, and coerce to protect and redirect resources to their group to better ensure its supremacy. "The truth" is whatever is perceived to suit that end, and "reality" is as real as psychological suggestion is effective in making it appear so.

Those now restoring electromagnetic therapy persuaded the Defense Department of the American Empire to turn control of the ether over to them and protect their commercial interests, but the goal is to put a Universal Product Code on all of us, extract and track it, and control it through a central database. QRS International AG, based in Liechtenstein, has offices, child companies, and sister sites the world over. The SEC Press Release from 2004 notes the website of the QRS Corporation, where we find the picture of the mat sold today by the former Queen of the Fourteen Words—a *truly* global product manufactured by a mysterious global entity selling an electric cure for all illness to bring about the apotheosis of a Jewish man named Albert Abrams.

The QRS mat sold by the QRS Corporation throughout the world

If the one-time Queen of the Fourteen Words is capable of lying to and stealing from the most weak and vulnerable among her people, that is still an *us* problem, and one we already know we have. She has been forgotten and deserves to be, and while it is possible that God decreed CS + 1.5 6.40/6.40 6-7C .04M 3/3 to be the secret equation for "Perfect Health," a talking toilet will one day notify you that you have bone cancer, and OpenText offers you everlasting life if you just get the DNA chip, keep skepticism to spare. It's going to be hard enough for us as is, and robot-lawyers, memory printers, and digital immortality, whatever the hell they may be, will surely be turned against us. What we need is organic in spirit, and who we must become is the only question, but we know what the answer is assuredly not: a people suited to live in a synthetic globo-virtual urban datahive. A distinction isn't an answer, but it's a start. □

EX-99.1 2 dex991.htm PRESS RELEASE

Exhibit 99.1

QRS

PRESS RELEASE

QRS Announces Early Termination of Hart-Scott-Rodino Act Waiting Period

RICHMOND, Calif. – September 30, 2004 – QRS Corporation (Nasdaq: QRSI) announced that on September 28, 2004, the Federal Trade Commission granted early termination of the waiting period under the Hart-Scott-Rodino Antitrust Improvements Act of 1976 applicable to QRS' proposed merger with Inovis International, Inc.

QRS also announced today that it intends to mail its definitive proxy statement for the special meeting of QRS stockholders to be held on November 12, 2004, in connection with the merger on or about October 4, 2004.

About QRS

QRS (Nasdaq: QRSI) is a technology company that serves the global retail trading community. We offer collaborative commerce solutions that drive a new standard for global brand execution. At QRS, we manage the flow of critical commerce information and leverage our retail technology expertise to address fundamental industry challenges such as global data synchronization, mandate compliance, transaction management and global trade management. QRS solutions help approximately 9,800* customers expand into new markets and channels, improve operational efficiency and differentiate their brand. Learn more about QRS at www.qrs.com.

*Based on total, unique QRS corporate customers that purchased or licensed QRS products and services between July 1, 2003 and June 30, 2004.

If the proposed merger is completed, over 40% of the combined company's total assets will be comprised of goodwill and other intangibles, of which approximately $116 million will be allocated to goodwill.

SEC filing for the acquisition of the QRS Corporation by Inovis International in 2004 for $116 million

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36. See 41.
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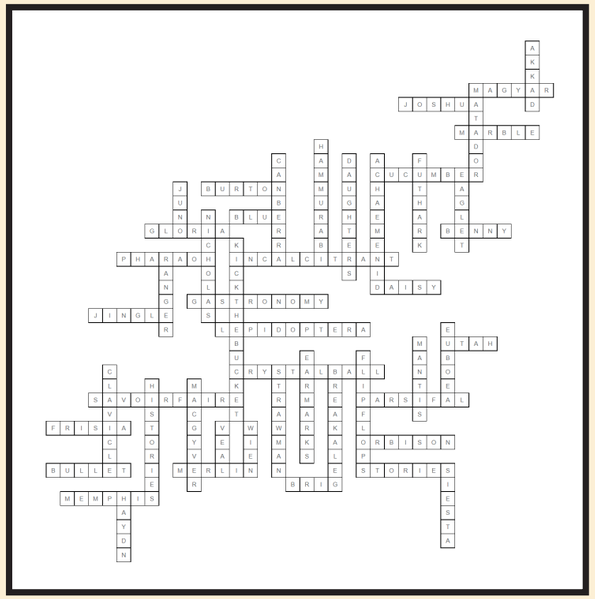

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